A FOURTH EDITION,

WITH GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.

A

TOUR

THROUGH

HOLLAND, &c.

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OCEAN

NETHERLANDS

HOLLAND

ZEELAND

GELDRES

BRABANT

FLANDERS

FRENCH AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS

HAINAULT

ARTOIS

CAMBRESIS

PICARDIE

LIMBURG

LUXEMBURG

BISHOPRIC OF LIEGE

Maes River

Yssel R

Rhine River

Lys R

Sambre R

Somme R

Oyse R

Moselle R

Delft
Goude
Rotterdam
Schonhoven
Brill
Helvoetsluys
Gorcum
Dort
Buytsluys
Over Flackee
Brouwershaven
Schowen I
Zuricksee
Willemstadt
Utrecht
Amersfort
Leerdam
Culenbourg
Buren
Tiel
Worcum
Bois Bosch
Huesden
Crevecoeur
Gertrudenburg
Kuindert
Beeck
Breda
Steenbergen
Tolen
Goes
South Beveland
Walcheren
Middleburg
Flushing
Bergen-op-zoom
Tilburg
Boisle Duc
Helmont
Heegstraat
Eyndhoven
Graave
Ravenstein
Hattenburg
Megen
Nimeguen
Hommel
Arnheim
Doesburg
Grol
Dotekum
Breevoorde
Zevenaer
Burg
Scherenberg
Anholt
Emmerick
Cleves
Rhine River
Wesel
Genep
Maes River
Geldres
Pruysia
Rhinburg
Stralen
Wachendonk
Venlo
Kessel
Brueggen
Turxmonde
Weert
Hoorn
Stephanswerd
Maseick
Stokem
Brey
Pger
Hammont
Strip
Herentals
Antwerp
Santvliet
Lillo
Hulst
Axel
Terneuse
Sluys
Biervliet
Ardenburg
Ostend
Blankenberg
Damme
Bruges
Sas
Oudenburg
Plassendal
Furnes
Dunkirk
Calais
Gravelines
St Venox
Bergues
Dixmude
Deinze
Ghent
Dendermonde
Alost
Liere
Demer R
Malines
Mechelen
Sichem
Herinthen
Diest
Aerschot
Halem
Herck
Hasselt
Talkenburg
Maestricht
Wick
Aix la Chappelle
Dalem
Visset
Tongre
Borchloen
St Tron
Leeuw
Louvain
Tirlemont
Judoigne
Ramillies
Hannut
Liege
Huy
Namur
Jemeppe
Charleroy
Fesse
Marchienne au Pont
Binch
Thuin
Beaumont
Walcourt
Florennes
Dinant
Emline
Chiney
Bomal
Durbui
Marche
La Roche
Homfalize
Rochfort
St Hubert
Bastogne
Stablo
Spa
Franchimont
Verviers
Limbourg
Sleyda
Crapenburg
St Viet
Ourte
Stokem
Cleyrif
Bitburg
Vianden
Diddledorf
Dickirch
Echternach
Treves
Wasserbillich
Graven Macheren
Luxemburg
Martelange
Esch
Neufchatel
Arlon
Virton
Herbemont
Chini
Bouillon
Charleville
Mezieres
Sedan
Yvois
Montmedy
Stenay
Verdun
Rode Macheren
Konings Macheren
Thionville
Budingen
Metz
Rheims
Guise
Amiens
Abbeville
Cambray
Bapaume
Crevecoeur
Chatelau Cambresis
Landrecis
Lyesse
Avesne
Marienbourg
Chimai
Fumai
Philippeville
Charlemont
Quenoi
Bouchain
Arleux
L'Ecluse
Douay
Valenciennes
Maubeuge
Bavai
Condé
St Guislain
Mons
Marchiennes
Arras
St Amand
Lens
St Paul
Hesdin
Montreuil
Bethune
la Bassee
Orcheis
Tournay
Aire
Lille
Armentiers
Steyers
Verquin
St Omer
Renti
Lysel
Menin
Ypres
Courtray
Oudenarde
Ninove
Brufsels
Vilvorden
Alost
Deinze
Dixmude
Furnes
Dunkirk
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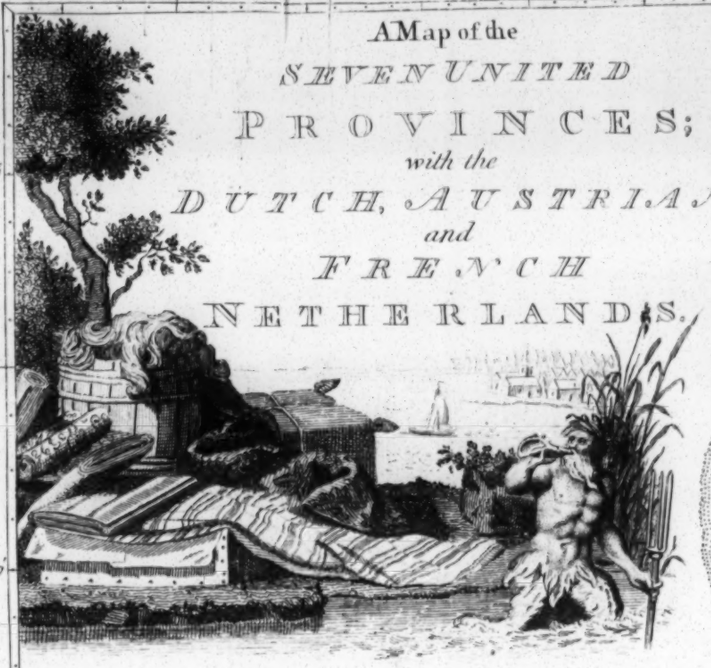
Brill
Schonhoven
Rotterdam
Goude
Delft
Maes River
Yssel R
Rhine River
Lys R
Sambre R
Somme R
Oyse R
Moselle R

A Map of the SEVEN UNITED PROVINCES; with the DUTCH, AUSTRIAN, and FRENCH NETHERLANDS.



GERMAN OCEAN

De Bree

Veerthien

Schiermonik Oog

Ameland

Schelling

Vieland

Terschelling

Texel

Helder

Den

Dockum

Seltkamp

Dam

Leuwarden

Franker

Groningen

Dollert

Winschoten

Sneek

Workum

Hindelopen

Sloot

Assen

Fort Mountang

Stavoren

Medenblic

Schoten

Alcmaer

Horne

Urk I.

Kampen

Meppel

Steenwyk

Hasselt

Coverden

Beverwyck

Purmerent

Edam

Monikedam

Haerlem

Amsterdam

Elbury

Hattem

Nieukys

Olmaren

Weesop

Naerden

Harderwyck

Loo

Deventer

Dolden

Goor

Oldenzel

Benthem

Lochem

Zutphen

Amersfort

Utrecht

The Hague

Leyden

Delft

Gouda

Montfort

Wyck

Rhenen

Arnheim

Doesburg

Grol

Dotekum

Breevoorde

Zevenaer

Burg

Schoonhoven

Leerdam

Culenburg

Buren

Schorenberg

Anholt

Tiel

Nimeguen

Megen

Hattenburg

Cleves

Emmerick

Rhine River

Wesel

Gorcum

Worcum

Bommel

Ravenstein

Grave

Maes River

Genep

Geldres

Rhinburg

Straten

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Breda

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Eyndhoven

Terlo

Kessel

Strip

Bruggen

Die Hont or Wel

Schelde

Sandvliet

Lillo

Bievelist

Liefkenshoek

Turneuse

Axel

Hulst

Ardenburg

Sluys

Sas

Dames

Ostend

Flossendal

Bruges

Oudenburg

Nieuport

Furnes

Dunkirk

Dixmude

Deinse

Ghent

Dendermonde

Alost

Mechelen

Antwerp

Herentals

Liere

Demere R.

Hollaert

Sichem

Herwighen

Diest

Schot

Hasselt

Horck

Haelen

Leeuw

Louvain

Vilvorden

Brufsels

Ninove

Oudenarde

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Menin

Epres

Lille

Armentiers

Hazebrouck

Aire

Bethune

St Venox

Calais

Gravelines

Cambray

Bapaume

Abbeville

Somme R.

Amiens

Oyse R.

Rheims

Guise

Landrecis

Lyesse

Avesne

Marienbourg

Chimai

Fumais

Revin

Mable

To Luxemburg

Neufchatel

Martelange

Esch

Eschternach

Treves

Cologne

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la Roche

Homfalize

Stohem

Clevrif

Durbui

Emline

Chiney

Dinant

Ourte

Bomal

Stablo

St Viet

Spa

Franchimont

Limbourg

Verviers

Sleyda

Crapenburg

Liege

Wick

Maestricht

Valkenburg

Aix la Chappelle

Dalem

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Maubeuge

Beaumont

Walcourt

Florennes

Philippeville

Charlemont

Namur

Jemeppe

Charleroy

Binch

Thuin

Fosse

Marchienne au Pont

Ath

Enghein

Brain le Comte

Soignies

Nivelle

Genap

Halle

Lessines

Ghistelles

Nieuport

Furnes

Dixmude

Deinse

Alost

Ninove

Courtray

Menin

Epres

Lille

Armentiers

Hazebrouck

Aire

Bethune

Le Basse

Orchies

Lens

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A

TOUR

THROUGH

HOLLAND,

DUTCH BRABANT,

THE

AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS,

AND

PART OF FRANCE:

IN WHICH IS INCLUDED A

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS

AND ITS

ENVIRONS:

By the late HARRY PECKHAM, Esq.

One of His MAJESTY'S COUNCIL, and RECORDER of the City of CHICHESTER.

With this FOURTH EDITION is given

A MAP OF HOLLAND AND THE NETHERLANDS, FROM THE LAST SURVEYS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, NO. 46, FLEET-STREET.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

595
14

FH
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

TOUR

OF

HOLLAND, &c.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have ſacrificed your judgment to your friendſhip, or you would not have aſked my permiſſion to publiſh thoſe letters I ſent you from abroad, nor endeavoured by compliments to win my conſent.

Conſider the haſty manner in which they were written; frequently at table, and in the company of my friends; both language and grammar therefore, I am afraid, have often been violated, and I have neither time to poliſh the one, nor inclination to correct the other.

The obſervations are too thinly ſcattered, and are either crude, or common; even the *purpureus pannus* is wanting to recommend them.

You tell me they proved of infinite ſervice to you, becauſe the names and value of the different coins were aſcertained and compared with the Engliſh: that the diſtance from place to place, with the mode and expence of travelling, was accurately calculated, and none of the places within the tour, worthy a ſtranger's attention, were omitted. I confeſs that theſe are advantages to the few who travel, but to other readers will prove only a dry detail.

I have not the vanity to ſuppoſe, that ſuch letters can benefit either the publiſher or the public. I am convinced they cannot do their author credit, muſt therefore inſiſt upon my name's being concealed, and that you will eraſe every ſentence that might lead to the detection of

Your ever affectionate friend,

Helveotſluice.

DEAR SIR,

NOTHING could have added to the pleaſure I promiſe myſelf in this little excurſion, but the addition of your company; as the purſuits you are engaged in render it impoſſible, I muſt ſubmit, and conſole myſelf with endeavouring to make my letters a faithful guide, though not an agreeable companion. As I write with this view, I muſt often be very tedious in mentioning a thouſand little nothings which in your intended tour will not be wholly immaterial, as I know not of any treatiſe to guide you through Holland, and inſtruct you in thoſe articles, which every traveller muſt otherwiſe be at a loſs to know.

After having hunted all the bookſellers ſhops and ſtalls in London, I at length picked up a voluminous octavo in Engliſh, whoſe title promiſed me a Deſcription of Holland, with the whole et cætera of manners and cuſtoms;—but this pompous *Title* afforded me

only a tedious detail of the Hague; we muſt therefore blunder through the country as well as we can, without other aſſiſtance than a little French and ſome money.

I left London at four yeſterday morning with my two friends, and an Engliſh ſervant who knows no language but his own. The road is well calculated for expedition, being free from hills, and there is but little ſand to retard a carriage. We breakfaſted at Witham, where there was nothing to attract our attention, but the very great civility of our hoſt at the Blue Poſts. We made ſome little ſtay at Colcheſter, to take a curſory view of the town, which is conſiderable in the number, as well as in the goodneſs, of the houſes. The grand ſtreet is very ſpacious, on the left of which is an old quadrangular brick caſtle, converted now into a priſon, the only uſe it can be adapted to. The road does not abound in views, but between Manningtree and Harwich, there are ſome ſcenes tolerably pictureſque, which are heightened by the Tide-river that divides Eſſex and Suffolk.

Harwich

Harwich is, I think, the worſt of all poſſible places, but the accommodations at the White Hart perhaps made me peeviſh; add to this, the ſhoal of ſcoundrels who pick your pocket with impunity. As it is a borough town, the voters muſt be provided for, and are rewarded with ſalaries ariſing from the fees of ſuch emigrants as myſelf.

We were firſt attacked by a clerk for thirteen ſhillings and ſixpence each, for which he generouſly gave us a piece of paper, which he called a permit, and which was of no other uſe but for a Dutchman to light his pipe with. He told me, in anſwer to my inquiry into the nature of his demand, that he was rather thick of hearing; I thought his reaſon concluſive, and we paid him his fees immediately.

The officers of the cuſtoms then inſiſted on their fees for tumbling our clothes, and deranging our trunks, and for what they call *ſufferance*, which is, "to permit a man to "take out of the kingdom what the laws "have not prohibited." Having thus run the gantlet of impoſition, we ſet ſail in the

Prince of Orange, Capt. Story, at half paſt ſix in the evening. This veſſel carries twelve men, and her burthen is one hundred and ſix tons. We found excellent accommodations, the cabin being a ſpacious room and rather elegantly fitted up. The paſſage muſt be difficult and extremely dangerous to men not perfectly converſant with theſe ſeas, on account of the innumerable ſhoals and rocks. We were very fortunate in the fineneſs of the evening, and fairneſs of the wind. I know not a more glorious ſight than the ſun ſetting in the waters; and as the night came on, was much pleaſed with obſerving the different light-houſes for the direction of pilots, and the waves ſtriking fire againſt the prow of the ſhip.—Philoſophers have entertained various opinions concerning this luminous appearance: Boyle attributed it to ſome coſmical law of the terreſtrial globe, or at leaſt of the planetary vortex: but Mr. Canton, F. R. S. has proved by experiments, as ſimple as ingenious, that it ariſes from the putrefaction of the animal ſubſtances in the ſea.—The Captain entertained us with throwing the log-line: this is done by a little ſquare piece of wood

wood let down from the ſtern of the ſhip, which is tied to a cord wound on a reel, and at equal diſtances has knots made in it; from the number of knots which run out in a minute (for which purpoſe there is a minute glaſs), the ſailors compute how many miles the veſſel makes in an hour.

In this manner we land-men amuſed ourſelves, till drowſineſs warned us to our cabins: theſe are little boxes within the ſides of the ſhip of ſufficient ſize to hold one perſon. As there were no ſheets, I turned in with my clothes on, and ſlept very ſoundly till the Captain waked me in the morning, with the pleaſing news of our being within ſight of Helveot, where we landed about ten o'clock; and as ſoon as we had refreſhed ourſelves with a diſh of tea, ſpent the remainder of the day in examining this little ſea-port.

Helveotſluice is ſituated in the iſland of Voorn, in the province of Holland; is ſurrounded with a wet foſſe and a ſtrong rampart faced with brick; which is intended, as much, I believe, to guard againſt the irruption of the waves, as of an enemy. The har-

bour, which ſeems wonderfully ſafe, runs through the middle of the town, and projects, by the help of piers, about fifty yards into the main ocean. There is a grandeur in this attempt, which I ſhould not have thought the genius of the Dutch capable of, though I am well aware that their induſtry would ſurmount the difficulty. The water at the pier-head is ninety feet deep, the piles are one hundred and forty feet long, and are driven thirty-five feet into the ſhore; the interſtices are filled with bavins, which are kept down with large ſtones brought from Norway. The dexterity of our naval charioteer pleaſed me much, for he turned round the corner of the pier with as ſharp an angle as I have ever ſeen made by a carriage.

This harbour is full of ſhips; on each ſide is a ſpacious quay laid with Dutch clinkers; beyond which is a façade of houſes moſt whimſically pretty; the window ſhutters are painted with yellow or green, and there is a painted bench at every door, where the people ſit in ſtupid inactivity, and I believe without any converſation, for I have ſcarce ſeen a mouth open unleſs to yawn. The houſes are built in a wretched

a wretched ſtyle, with narrow fronts, running up to a point, by which means the gable end deſtroys the attic ſtory.

The harbour runs through the town to a large baſon, which contains at preſent twelve men of war lying in perfect ſecurity. It is divided from the harbour by a pair of flood-gates, over which is thrown a bridge of curious mechaniſm. It divides in the middle, and under the center of each half are ſixteen braſs wheels fixed on an axle which ſtands on a large buttreſs; it is ſo nicely hung that a child may turn it, when both parts of the bridge point up and down the harbour, which effectually ſtops the paſſage.

In the dock there ſeems to be but a very inconſiderable quantity of naval ſtores, and in the barracks, which are extremely neat, only two companies of ſoldiers. The walks upon the ramparts are very pleaſing, being turfed and perfectly clean, as indeed is almoſt every thing here—ſo nice are they, that at our hoſteſs's, Mrs. Wykham's, there is a little ſcale hangs upon the noſe of the boiler to catch the drops, leſt they ſhould fall upon the

hearth, which is of poliſhed iron: and I narrowly eſcaped a beating from the chamber-maid for having my hair powdered in my bed-chamber. We ſtrolled into a church, which had nothing but cleanlineſs to recommend it. The men ſit with their hats on, and both men and women are ſeated in the body of the church, in chairs numbered on the backs. The prieſt ſpoke extempore with fluency, but as I know not the language, am ignorant of his merit.

The Captain promiſes to put this letter into the poſt at Harwich; you ſhall hear from me again as ſoon as I have any thing to communicate, and time to write. We purpoſe leaving this place to-morrow morning.

Adieu!

Rotterdam.

DEAR SIR,

WE left Helveot on Monday morning in a ſtage waggon, which was the beſt conveyance the place afforded; and even to get that, requires no little form. I went to the Commiſſary, who upon receiving ſix ſtivers, rang a bell, which in a few moments ſummoned all the waggoners in the town; when thus aſſembled, to prevent partiality in the Commiſſary, and diſputes among the drivers, the dice determine who ſhall have the fare, for which purpoſe there is fixed over the Commiſſary's door a kind of manger with a large box and dice. The price is fixed, impoſition therefore is impoſſible. This miſerable vehicle differs only from an Engliſh cart in being ſomewhat ſlighter, and by having the cover painted with different colours; it is drawn by a pair of horſes, and guided by the boor, who ſits in the head of it. To this machine there are no ſhafts, but a piece of wood, like a bugle horn, comes from the axle, with an iron hook, into which the driver puts one foot, and with it

guides the carriage to a hair's breadth; the other he claps on the poſteriors of one of his horſes; in this manner we travelled through very indifferent roads, and at a very moderate pace to the Brill; I believe their pace is as fixed as their price; and you might as eaſily perſuade one of theſe ſavages to accelerate the one, as to diminiſh the other.

The Brill is larger than Helveot, and is tolerably fortified; the buildings are old but regular, the ſtreets are ſpacious, and ſome of them lined with trees. The town is ſituated on the mouth of the Maes, which is a mile and a half wide. All the veſſels that go to Rotterdam paſs by this place: and here is a boat for paſſengers which ſails every tide to Rotterdam. A tolerable trade is ſtill carried on here, but it has dwindled much from its former importance.

This was the firſt town taken by the malecontents under the Count of Marche, from the Spaniards in 1572, which was afterwards delivered up to Queen Elizabeth, with Fluſhing and Ramekins, as a mortgage for the money

ſhe

ſhe had expended in ſupporting the States againſt Philip the Second of Spain.

Theſe cautionary towns were given up by James the Firſt, in 1616, for one third of the money they were originally pledged for, owing to the poverty and folly of the king, and the ſubtilty of the penſionary Barnevelt, who managed the negotiation.

There are twelve companies of ſoldiers quartered in the town; the Dutch uniform is blue faced with red, which has not ſo brilliant an appearance as the Engliſh and French uniforms. We attended the parade, and were treated with much civility by an officer of the corps who talked Engliſh. The parade being finiſhed, a grenadier was flogged for drunkenneſs; he received twenty two ſtrokes with the flat of the broad-ſword over his clothes; a puniſhment as trifling, as with us the offence is common. From the Brill we paſſed the Maes in a ferry-boat to Roſenbure, a place of inconſiderable extent, but large enough to ſuſtain ſix hundred head of cattle, four hundred of which have died within theſe three months of the diſtemper which rages

rages through the whole province with the moſt fatal violence.

We were ſhaken over this iſland in a common cart, the only convenience of the place, and croſſed another branch of the Maes which brought us to Maeſland-ſluice, eſteemed one of the fineſt villages in the ſouth part of Holland. It is an extenſive place, well built, with canals running through almoſt every ſtreet; thoſe which have not the benefit of the water, are ornamented with rows of walnut trees; and though chiefly inhabited by fiſhermen, the town is as neat as cleanlineſs can make it. We ſtaid here only for the ſetting out of the treckſchuyte, which goes to Delft ſix times a day. It reſembles a livery barge on the Thames, but is ſmaller and leſs ornamented; it is drawn by one horſe, and goes with the greateſt eaſe four miles in an hour, which is the Dutch method of computing diſtance; ſo many hours to ſuch a place; not leagues like the French, nor miles as the Engliſh. In fine weather this method of travelling is abſolutely delightful; for a mere trifle you may hire the *roof*, which is a ſmall cabin at the end of the boat,

boat, with two ſaſh windows on each ſide, a table in the middle, velvet cuſhions to ſit on, and good room for ſix or eight people. The motion of the boat is imperceptible, and you may read, write, eat, or ſleep, with as much eaſe as in your chamber. If this is not agreeable, you may get on the top of the boat, which has almoſt a flat roof, on which you may walk without danger, and as there is not a hillock in the country, you have nothing to intercept your view. I was almoſt ſorry to leave the treckſchuyte, which landed us at Delft about five o'clock in the evening. We dined at the Doele, a moſt admirable inn, and after dinner took a little walk round the city, which is in circumference between two and three miles, of an oblong figure, ſurrounded by an old wall and ditch, and defended by three dams againſt inundations. It is ſituated between Rotterdam and the Hague. The ſtreets are wide, adorned with trees, canals, and many ſtone bridges: the inhabitants are rich, but being chiefly people who have retired from buſineſs, the trade of the place is but inconſiderable: even the Delft manufactory (which is little inferior to China, except in tranſpa-

tranſparency, which has been in vain attempted) greatly decays; the Dutch Eaſt-India Company having imported ſuch quantities of China, that it is become within the purchaſe of the lower claſs of people.

The principal magazine and armory of Holland is in this town, which does not make a very formidable appearance. We ſaw the old palace, which is now inferior to a common burgher's houſe. They ſhew you the mark of the balls in the wall, which went through the head of William, the firſt prince of Orange, the founder of the ſtate; who was aſſaſſinated by Balthazar Ghirard, an emiſſary of Philip the Second. His tomb is ſhewn in the New Church, in marble, of very indifferent execution; the epitaph concludes in theſe words.—"Herois verè pii, prudentis, "invicti, quem Philippus Secundus Hiſp. "rex, Europæ timor, timuit, non domuit, "non terruit, ſed empto percuſſore, fraude "nefandà ſuſtulit." This church has one of the fineſt ſteeples in the Low Countries; and the chimes, which play every quarter of an hour, are moſt unuſually harmonious.

In

In the Old Church are two monuments erected to the memory of Van Trump and Peter Heine, remarkable only for the heroes they are to perpetuate.

The Market-place is a ſpacious ſquare; on one ſide ſtands the New Church; on the other, the Town-houſe, which is an old Gothic building, but tricked out with paint and ornament, ſo as to make no contemptible figure.

The Spin-houſe, or Bridewell, is as neat as any private houſe in England. Fornication is not ſo commendable, I find, in Holland, as with us, at leaſt in the eye of magiſtracy; for there were many poor girls confined for their *philanthropy*, for five, ten, and ſome even for twenty years.

The two chief ſtreets lie parallel to each other, and are near a mile in length—canals run through them edged with ſtately trees. Before moſt of the doors is an excellent pavement of black and white marble; but as there is a bench at every houſe, it effectually prevents any perſon from walking on it.

About

About noon, on Tueſday, we left Delft, and took the treckſchuyte to this place. The Quay we embarked from, was very ſpacious, adorned with trees, and the canal broader than any I had ſeen. It is a moſt agreeable journey to Rotterdam; the number of little gardens and pleaſure houſes built on the banks of the canal, the little village of Overſchie, which is about mid-way, and a fine avenue of trees above half a mile in length, which leads you to the gates of Rotterdam, all conſpire to fill the mind with pleaſure.

Rotterdam lies on the north ſide of the Maes, about fifteen miles from the ſea, is of a triangular form, and, in point of trade, inferior only to Amſterdam; in the ſpaciouſneſs of the ſtreets, and elegance of the houſes, infinitely beyond it. The canals are ſo large as to admit ſhips of two or three hundred tons, even to the very doors of the merchants; and I know not ſo romantic a ſight, as to ſee from the environs, the chimnies, maſts of ſhips, and the tops of trees, ſo promiſcuouſly huddled together, that it would require a degree of divination to tell whether it is a town, a fleet, or a foreſt.

The

The grandeſt, as well as moſt agreeable ſtreet in Rotterdam, is the Bomb Quay, which lies parallel with the Maes; on one ſide it is open to the river, and the other is ornamented with a grand façade of the beſt houſes in the city, inhabited chiefly by the Engliſh; they are five or ſix ſtories high, maſſy and very clumſy: wherever there is any attempt at ornament, it is the worſt that can be conceived. One ſees no Grecian architecture, except Doric entablatures, ſtuck upon the top of the upper ſtory, without pilaſters; Ionic volutes, turned often the wrong way, and an attempt at Corinthian capitals, without any other part of the order. The doors are large, and ſtuck with great knobs and clumſy carving; you aſcend to them, not in front, but by three or four ſteps going up on each ſide, and you are aſſiſted by iron rails of a moſt immenſe thickneſs: theſe houſes are almoſt all window, and the window ſhutters and frames being painted green, the glaſs has all a green caſt, which is helped by the reflection from the trees that over-ſhadow their houſes, which, were it not for this circumſtance, would be intolerably hot, from their vicinity to the canals. Moſt of the

the houſes have looking-glaſſes placed on the outſides of the windows, on both ſides, in order that they may ſee every thing which paſſes up and down the ſtreet. The ſtair-caſes are narrow, ſteep, and come down almoſt to the door. I deſcribe theſe as ſome of the handſomeſt buildings in this country: in general the houſes riſe with enormous ſteep roofs, turning the gable end to the ſtreet, and leaning conſiderably forward, ſo that the top often projects near two feet beyond the perpendicular The Bomb Quay is ſo broad, that there are diſtinct walks for carriages and foot paſſengers, lined and ſhaded with a double row of trees—You look over the river on ſome beautiful meadows, and a fine avenue of trees, which leads to the Peſt-houſe: it ſeems to be an elegant building, and the trees round it are ſo diſpoſed as to appear a thick wood.

This ſtreet is at leaſt half a mile in length, and extends from the Old to the New Head, the two places where the water enters to fill the canals of this extenſive city. I muſt obſerve, that when water runs through a ſtreet, it then aſſumes the name of a canal, of which kind

kind the Heeren-fleet has the pre eminence: the houſes are of free-ſtone, and very lofty; the canal is ſpacious, and covered with ſhips: at one end ſtands the Engliſh church, a neat pretty building, of which the biſhop of London is Ordinary.

Upon the Great Bridge, in the Grand Market-place, is the ſtatue of that wonderful man Eraſmus; it is bigger than the life, in braſs, clad in a Doctor's gown, and holding a book in his hand. He was born in 1467, and died at Friburg in Alſace, in the year 1536.

Near to the market-place is the great church of St. Laurence; from the tower I had as extenſive a view as my eye could command, there being neither hill nor wood to intercept my ſight; I ſaw Delft and the Hague, to the north; Dort, to the ſouth; Brill, to the weſt; Amſterdam, to the eaſt, and Utrecht lies off to the ſouth-eaſt.

There are four churches in Rotterdam of the eſtabliſhed religion, which is the Calviniſt, and twelve clergymen to attend them, whoſe

whoſe ſtipends are one hundred and ſeventy pounds per annum each, which is paid out of the revenues of the city. St. Laurence is, like all other Dutch churches, diveſted of ornament; gloomy, and dark, by reaſon of the numberleſs atchievements which are hung every where round the walls, and which are in general of black velvet, with the arms blazoned, encompaſſed in a heavy black frame. The naves of the churches are filled with common ruſh-bottomed chairs, and the iſles with little ſquare wooden boxes perforated, into which, in the cold ſeaſon, are put ſmall ſtoves, and then they quit the iſles for more agreeable quarters, under the petticoats of the ladies. The altar of this church is divided from the nave with a braſs baluſtrade and heavy pillars of marble.

Among many epitaphs, there was one curious enough to be taken down in writing:

Invicti Herois
Johannis a Brakell
Prætoris, ut dicunt nocturni
Manib: ac. Mem: Sacrum;
Hoc tegitur Saxo Brakelius Æquoris Horror,
Cui Flamma et Ferrum ceſſit, et Unda Maris.

Fallimur,

Fallimur, an Flammas nunc evomit, adſpice jam, jam,
* *Ferrea* qui rupit *Vincula*, rumpit humum.

I look on the Exchange, which was finiſhed in 1736, to be the fineſt building in Rotterdam: it is a quadrangle of free ſtone, with a light cloiſter; is much neater, though nothing like ſo large as our Royal Exchange, but there is no merit in the architecture.

The Weeſe-houſe, for orphan children, is likewiſe a very handſome edifice of free-ſtone, with twenty windows in front; it maintains three hundred boys, and as many girls, who are taught to read, write, work, and to be both uſeful and good members of ſociety.

There are two other conſiderable charities in this town; the one for old men, the other for old women; and there is likewiſe an infirmary.

We laſt night hired a coach, which is fixed at a gilder an hour, to take us to Delfts-Ha-

* Alluding to his breaking through the iron chains that were ſtretched acroſs the river Medway.

gen,

gen, a little village about half of an hour's diſtance. The road was very pleaſant, being planted on each ſide with trees: there was nothing ſufficiently curious in the place itſelf to drag us from Rotterdam; but it being a public fair, we wiſhed to ſee the humours of a Dutch Wake. Children's toys and women's ſlippers ſeemed to make the chief figure, there being little elſe to be ſold.

We followed the ſound of a fiddle into a little ale-houſe, and walked up ſtairs into a room full of peaſants and tobacco. There were four girls jumping about, which they called dancing, and thirty or forty men ſitting round with their pipes and tobacco, admiring the activity of the nymphs, and rolling out ſuch clouds of ſmoke, that we were ſoon obliged to withdraw to avoid ſuffocation. From thence we went to a barn to ſee a Dutch Tragedy and Farce: two of the actreſſes were tolerably pretty; but Dutch, even from the mouth of beauty, would be an antidote to Love. It was late in the evening before we got home, notwithſtanding which, I have riſen very early this morning, to write you, thus circumſtantially, the journal of the

laſt

laſt three days. We purpoſe leaving Rotterdam this morning, having ſeen every thing ſaid to be worthy our attention; I am called to breakfaſt, can therefore only add, that we are at the Swine's Hoof, which is well ſituated, being in the middle of the Market-place. This houſe is much frequented by the Engliſh; a good ordinary both for dinner and ſupper, where we have met with very genteel people---I ſhould recommend you, by all means, to this inn.

I am, Dear Sir,

Moſt ſincerely yours.

Sunday Evening.

Secretary Fagel's Summer-Houſe, near the Hague.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE found leiſure, when I leaſt expected it, and pen, ink, and paper in a place where I have taken refuge from a ſtorm. I am this moment writing in a ſummer-houſe, in the center of the gardens of Greffier Fagel, who is ſecretary of ſtate. The fineneſs of the evening induced us to walk to theſe gardens, which are only a mile from the Hague,

but a thunder-ſtorm has ſuddenly broken over us, and forced me to fly for ſhelter to this place, at the end of the avenue: where my friends are I know not, but hope in as comfortable a ſituation. Inſtead of a Dido, I have a Dutch Gardener with me, who can ſpeak only his own language, of which I underſtand not a ſingle word. I muſt have recourſe to my pen for amuſement, and as the ſtorm promiſes to continue, may probably have time to finiſh my letter. I confeſs theſe gardens are as magnificent as the Dutch gardens can be, where art has loſt ſight of nature. Here is water in abundance, trees out of number, and a great extent of ground; but the water conſiſts of ſtagnated canals; the trees are planted by a line, and tortured into form; and the extent anſwers no other purpoſe than to multiply the dull uniformity.

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.

I ſee many buildings diſperſed over the gardens in well-choſen ſpots, eſpecially a temple on a ſand-hill, which commands the

the village of Scheveling, the Hague, and the ſea. The houſe is a mere nothing, indeed it is intended only as a little box for retirement from the fatigues of office and buſtle of the town.

We left Rotterdam on Thurſday morning, returned to Delft in the treckſchuyte; walked through the town to the Hague-gate, where we found the boat juſt ready to puſh off. The canal from thence to Ryſwick is ſkirted with rows of elms. Inſtead of going on to the Hague, we got out at the bridge, and walked down to the village, at about half a mile's diſtance.---The palace is old, unrepaired, and unfurniſhed; famous only for the peace made there, ſo advantageous to the Dutch, by the confederate powers of Europe with Lewis XIV. in 1697. The Prince now and then comes there for half an hour, and amuſes himſelf with courſing hares in the court yard, which is within a wall about fifty yards ſquare. A very princely recreation!

We dined at the Strack-huis, and met

with a comfortable repaſt, which we little expected in ſuch a place, In the cool of the evening we walked to the Hague, at the diſtance of two ſhort miles, under the ſhade of a row of elms.

The Hague, in French, la Haye, the Hedge, (the Dutch call it s'Gravenhage, or the Earl's Grove, alluding to a wood which formerly grew there, where the Earls of Holland had a country houſe) is only a village, not being walled, nor ſending deputies to the States; nevertheleſs it is the reſidence of all the Foreign Ambaſſadors, the ſeat of Government, and, without diſpute, the moſt beautiful place upon earth. On the ſouth lies Delft, on the north the Houſe in the Wood, Scheveling and the ſea to the weſt, and the great canal to Leyden on the eaſt.

Monday Morning.

I was interrupted laſt night, in the middle of my letter, by Mr. Fagel, who on hearing from one of his ſervants, that a ſtranger

ſtranger had taken ſhelter in his gardens, as ſoon as the ſtorm was abated, waited on me, and invited me to take the refreſhments his houſe afforded. I found my friends already houſed, and after ſitting ſome little time, we made our obeiſance, and returned to the Hague. I believe I may now proceed without fear of interruption, in giving you an account of this charming place. It is totally ſurrounded with a canal, over which are many bridges, and a row of lofty trees borders the water's edge. The ſtreets are ſo ſpacious, and ſo much adorned with trees and water, that you can ſcarce conceive youſelf in a town; and there are ſo many ſquares and public places laid out in ſhady walks, and ſurrounded with ſuch magnificent buildings, that it beggars all deſcription.

I will mention two or three of the moſt ſtriking parts of the Hague, among which I think the Vyverburg has the pre-eminence: it is a kind of ſquare, conſiſting of ſeveral ſhady walks; on one ſide, a row of magnificent houſes; on the other, the Vyver, which is a large baſon of water, faced with ſtone, two hundred yards in length, and near one hun-

dred in breadth; in the center of it is an iſland planted with trees: one end of the Vyverburg opens to the Voorhout, which is a large plantation of trees, in the middle of which is the Mall, railed in on both ſides; it is ſtrewed with ſhells, as are all the walks in Holland, there being neither ſtone nor gravel in the whole country, the walks are conſequently unpleaſant, as the ſhells never bind, but crumble into duſt, and feel like looſe ſand under your feet. At the upper end of the mall is the Hotel of Opdam, belonging to Count Waaſſaner; but the moſt elegant building in the Hague is the New Houſe (which deſcribes a ſemi-circle) of the Prince of Wielburgh, who married the Prince of Orange's ſiſter.

The New Princeſs Graft, is a row of palaces, rather than of houſes, which front the wood, from which they are divided by a broad pavement and a canal. Caſuari-Street is adjoining, in which is the French Playhouſe, a neat little theatre. We were at the Comedy on Friday evening; the actors were tolerably good.

I muſt

I muſt not omit mentioning to you the Prince Graft, which is half a mile in length, proportionably broad, and perfectly ſtraight, with a canal, ſhaded with trees, running through the midſt of it, over which are thrown many fine ſtone bridges, with iron rails on them.

One of the greateſt curioſities in the Hague, is the Prince's Cabinet, which is open at twelve o'clock on Fridays, and acceſſible to all ſtrangers, who previouſly ſend their names: this houſe was purchaſed of the Counteſs of Albemarle, faces the Vyver, and is ſituated at the corner of the Outer Court, where the horſe-guards parade.

In the firſt room you ſee a ſmall, but moſt excellent collection of Chineſe ſwords, knives, and other inſtruments in gold, richly inlaid with precious ſtones; and ear-rings, bracelets, and much female ornament and apparel. In the next apartment is a good collection of ſhells, among which the Concha Veneris did not eſcape my notice; the ſhape being entirely analogous to the name.

In the third room is a brilliant ſhew of precious ſtones, foſſils, minerals, and petrifactions. The fourth apartment is filled with various kinds of ſerpents and ſmall animals: and the laſt room is ornamented with a large collection of birds extremely well preſerved.

Theſe are the beſt part of the Cabinet, and there are many rare ſpecies among them; but the collection is now eclipſed by that which has been ſince collected by Sir Aſhton Lever, and is now exhibited at London by Mr. Parkinſon.

The diſpoſition and neatneſs of the whole is admirable, and well worthy a ſtranger's attention.

Very near to the Prince's cabinet is the Priſon, where the De-Witts (the beſt citizens the Republic knew) died martyrs to the fury and folly of the rabble. It is ſingular enough to reflect, that the vulgar, who are ſo bigoted to liberty, or rather to licentiouſneſs and anarchy, ſhould on this occaſion have deviated ſo far from their levelling principles,

principles, as to deſtroy thoſe real patriots becauſe they oppoſed the advancement of the Prince of Orange (King William the Third), and wiſhed to preſerve their country in its original democratical ſtate.

The Palace of the Stadtholder is ſituated in the center of the town, ſurrounded by a moat; its external appearance is not very ſtriking, being an old irregular building; but a finer collection of pictures by the Dutch and Flemiſh maſters I have never ſeen; eſpecially in a little room called the Study, filled by the moſt capital painters.

The Virgin, with the bleſſed Infant in her arms—by Raphael.

Adam and Eve in Paradiſe, ſurrounded with the birds and beaſts—by Brughel.

Portraits—by Rembrandt—Vandyke, and Hans-Holbein.

A Dutch kitchen full of game, fiſh and fleſh, moſt admirably done—by Teniers.

Many landſcapes and fancy pieces by, Ga-

briel Metzu,* Jan-Steen,† Potter,‡ and Wouvermans.

I look on this room to be complete; there is not a picture but may be dwelt on with delight. In the next room are two courtezans in crayons, by Bolomeii; the one has a black veil thrown over the ſide of her face; the other has a ſlight cymar over her boſom; but the painter has made it ſo tranſparent, that he has left but little for the imagination.

Abraham ſacrificing Iſaac, in ivory, is inimitably carved.

In the other apartments, among many fine

* Metzu was born at Leyden, in 1658, and died under the operation of cutting for the ſtone. His ſubjects were uſually taken from low life; ſuch as women ſelling fiſh, fowls, or hares; ſick perſons attended by the doctor; chymiſts in the laboratories; dead game; painters ſhops, and drawing ſchools hung with prints. He finiſhed with extreme neatneſs—painted portraits well—and approached near to Vandyke.

† Jan-Steen was born at Leyden, in 1689, and was remarkable for his converſations and drolls. His drawing is ſometimes cenſurable, but his deſign was generally correct, his figures well diſpoſed, and his characters ſtrongly marked.

‡ Paul Potter was born at Enkhyſen in 1625; he was an expert maſter at 15—His ſubjects were landſcapes with different animals, but principally cows, oxen, ſheep, and goats, which he painted in the higheſt perfection.

pieces,

pieces, you will find a very large one by Potter, painted in 1647—The deſign is a peaſant looking at his cattle; the flies on the cows ſeem alive, and a toad ſitting on the graſs has equal excellence.

There are ſome fruit and game pieces by Weeninx,* well done; and ſome excellent pieces on copper, by Rothenamer.†

Abraham offering up Iſaac, by Andrea del Sarto.

Two landſcapes, by Vernet.

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Coypel—This is eſteemed his maſter-piece, applauded by the beſt judges, and was celebrated by the poets of the time.

A Dutch room, in which are two women and a child in the cradle, which is wonder-

* This was John Weeninx, the ſon, who was born at Amſterdam in 1644; he far ſurpaſſed his father, who was much eſteemed. His uſual ſubjects were animals of every kind, landſcapes and flowers, with ſome game pieces.

† John Rothenamer was born at Munich, in 1564: painted hiſtorical ſubjects on copper, of a very ſmall ſize; imitated Tintoretto—painted both in freſco and oil.

fully done, by Douw—Sixteen hundred ducats were refuſed for this piece. There is nothing ſuperb in the furniture, nor in the ſize of the apartments; the pictures are the only things which are worthy attention.

On the other ſide of the quadrangle is the Chamber of the States, where the buſineſs of the States-General is tranſacted: it is hung with green cloth, and all the ornaments are the portraits of the Princes of Orange.

The chamber where the Ambaſſadors are received, is of the ſame ſize, and looks upon the Vyver—At the upper end of this room is a fine piece of William the Third: the carpet under his feet has been much admired.

The little room adjoining, is the chamber to which the miniſters withdraw for private conferences: It is made moſt valuable by twelve little pieces, giving the hiſtory of Claudius Civilis, by Hans Holbein; for which the great Lord Bolingbroke offered ten thouſand pounds: this Claudius Civilis was a Batavian of royal deſcent, as mentioned by Tacitus, who commanded eight cohorts of

of his countrymen, at that time allies to the Romans; but Vitellius, the Emperor, charged him with treaſon, and he narrowly eſcaped with his life: hence his inveterate hatred to the Romans. Under the maſk of attachment to Veſpaſian, in the beginning of the wars between him and Vitellius, but in reality to free his countrymen from the Roman yoke, he diverted the young Batavians from enliſting under the enſigns of Vitellius; this occaſioned a long war, in which Claudius acquitted himſelf as a conſummate General; at length, in the firſt year of Veſpaſian, he was obliged to ſubmit to Cerealis, the Roman General: on the one ſide an entire ſubmiſſion; on the other, an unreſerved pardon.

The Greffier Fagel has a noble library, and a cabinet of pictures, chiefly Flemiſh, among which the beſt are the following:

Two men with birds, by Oſtade.
Roman charity, by Rubens.
A man and woman, by Vanderwerff.
Horſes, by Wouvermans.
Jacob's ladder, by Du Vois of the Hague.

Muſicians,

Muſicians, by Giorgione.
Venus, a copy from Titian.
Charles I. his Queen, and Charles II. by Vandyke.
The ceiling of this room is by Verrio.
Figures from antique ſtatues, by Terweſte.
Two landſcapes, by old Greffier.
Three beautiful landſcapes highly finiſhed, of views on the Rhine, by Sachleven.
Semiramis, by Laireſſe.
Fire-light, by Baſſan.
Moſes before Pharaoh, by Laireſſe.
Landſcapes, by Pouſſin.
A portrait, exquiſitely finiſhed, by old Mieris.
Landſcape with cows, by Potter.
Landſcape with figures, by Van Huyſum.
Landſcape, by Watteau.
Vertumnus and Pomona, by Netſcher
Portrait, by Mengs.
A man at ſtudy, exquiſitely finiſhed by Douw.
Chemiſt, by Teniers.
Henrietta of France, by Vandyke.
Shepherds, by Baſſan.
Young woman delivering a letter to an old one, by Jan Steen
Charles the Hardy, by Mich. Ang. Caravaggio.

Woman

Woman ſleeping and four men, by Metzu.
Dutch family by Rottenhamer.
Another, by Oſtade.
Portrait, by Hans Holbein.
Magdalen, by Vanderwerff.
St. Jerom, by Ann. Carracci.
M. Ternhoover and his lady, by old Netſcher.
Other family portraits, by him and Vandyke.
One, by Sir Antonio More.
Beaſts, by Berghem.
Landſcapes by Vernet.

On Saturday evening we entertained ourſelves with viewing the Houſe in the Wood, a palace belonging to the Prince of Orange, ſituated about a mile from the Hague, at the extremity of the wood, which is chiefly of oak. This is about a mile in extent, but not above half as wide: it is the only wood in Holland, except a ſmall one at the gates of Harlem. The houſe was built by Amalia, widow of Henry Frederick, the third Prince of Orange. There is nothing grand in the outward appearance, nor ſuperb in the apartments; it was meant for a place of retirement, not for a palace. The ſaloon, which is the only

only good room, is of an octagonal form, with a dome painted, and a cupola, round which is a gallery for the muſic. This apartment is covered with paintings, admirably well done, by different hands; but Vulcan's forge, near the chimney, points out the maſter to be Rubens.

On each ſide of the ſaloon are the Prince and Princeſs's apartments, conſiſting of a ſuite of three rooms, bed-chamber, dreſſing room, and cloſet. Round the Princeſs's bed is a rail of Japan, inlaid with mother of pearl, which coſt three thouſand pounds. The doors of the dreſſing-room are painted with full length figures; the Japan cloſet is wainſcoted with Japan; and there are little doors in different parts of it which ſlide back, and ſhew you ſome curious Chineſe figures fixed in receſſes of ſix or eight inches ſquare.

The common dining room is full of pictures, by the Princeſs Anne, daughter of George II. and mother to the Prince of Orange; they are better done than might have been expected from a Princeſs.

The

The chimney pieces are of marble, ill executed and heavy. The garden even in the Dutch taſte has little or no merit; but the wood is diſpoſed in pretty walks, did not the looſe ſand make the walking on them intolerable.

Yeſterday morning we walked down to Scheveling, a fiſhing village about two miles from hence. The road is cut through the Sand-hills, which appear to me to be the derelicts of the ocean. The center for carriages is nicely paved; the foot path on each ſide is of ſand, covered with ſea-ſhells, which anſwer the purpoſe of gravel: a double row of trees ſcreens you totally from the ſun, and gives a moſt agreeable gloom. This walk is a ſtraight line, and the ſteeple of Scheveling cloſes the avenue: you do not ſee the ſea till you are within a few yards of it, when the main ocean opens to your view. It was ſingular to me, who have been uſed to ſee the beach covered with gravel and rocks, to behold here nothing but ſand and ſhells, which the ſea throws up in incredible quantities. A ſhower of rain haſtened us back again much ſooner than we intended,

intended, and deprived us of the pleaſure of ſeeing Portland Gardens, which join to the road; but we have taken advantage of the cool of the morning to walk down to thoſe agreeable gardens; they are only half a mile from the gate that leads to Scheveling to the left of the road. There is a fine Orangerie in the form of an amphitheatre, in the center of which is a muſick room. Theſe gardens, or rather pleaſure grounds, are very extenſive and extremely elegant: ſerpentine walks, artificial hill and dale, much verdure, thickets, and many foreſt trees, with ſeats and ſtatues well diſpoſed, all aſſure you, that the maſter is indebted to the Engliſh, for the ſuperiority he has gained over the miſerable taſte of his countrymen.

There are ſome Jet-Eaus, which are childiſh; remnants, I ſuppoſe, of Dutch humour; for inſtance, as you walk over a bridge nicely paved, by turning a cock, a thouſand little fountains play up through the interſtices of the ſtones: again, at the end of one of the walks is a chair, from the ſeat of which ſprings a fountain the moment you have ſeated yourſelf, to the refreſhment perhaps of your body in a warm day,

day, but to the utter demolition of your clothes.

The grotto is done in much better taſte; the moment you enter it, the water flows from the threſhold in a number of little ſtreams; and from the four corners of the grotto fountains ſpring through the rock-work, with force ſufficient to ſtrike the top, which fall down into large ſhells, in ſuch manner, that you doubt whether the water riſes from the floor, or drops from the ceiling.

As we came back, we looked into the Great Church, which has nothing remarkable in it, but the tomb of Admiral Waaſſanaars, Baron D'Opdam; his ſhip was blown up by the Engliſh, under the command of the Duke of York, in 1666. Round this church we ſaw many ſtorks walking about as tame as our turkies; they are ſomewhat in ſhape like a heron; their colour is white, their wings are tipped with black; they live upon the offal of the fiſh market, which is near the church. I have ſeen numbers of them in the meadows, though they are eſteemed birds of paſſage, and at this ſeaſon they are not very common.

The

The vulgar error is, that theſe birds are ſo fond of Liberty, that they will live only in a republick; I am ſure, in point of policy, they cannot live in a more deſirable country, as they have fiſh and frogs in abundance for their food, and the utmoſt ſecurity for themſelves, it being deemed a crime to mal-treat or kill them.

I do not recollect any thing more, that is worth relating; I have ſitten till I am recovered indeed from the fatigue of my morning's walk, but am moſt horribly tired with writing —I am ſummoned to dinner— ſhall go to Leyden in the evening.

Adieu!

Hague,
Monday Noon,
7th Auguſt.

DEAR SIR,

ON Monday evening we went in the treckſchuyte to Leyden with a Dutch General we had lived with at the Table d'Hote at the Hague; the diſtance was only ten miles; but the whole canal being edged with ſummer-houſes and gardens, belonging to the inhabitants of thoſe towns, who in the ſummer retire to theſe little boxes, made the ſcene appear moſt beautiful, and the diſtance, nothing.

When we arrived at the inn we were recommended to, we found it filled by the French Ambaſſador and his train; and for want of an interpreter we wandered about the town till it was dark, and met with two or three diſagreeable circumſtances, which made me lament my ignorance of the Dutch language; but at length we found the Golden Ball, an Engliſh houſe, and with my wants vaniſhed my deſire of talking Dutch.

Leyden

Leyden is eſteemed, in point of ſize, the ſecond city in Holland, but its trade is now inconſiderable, which in the woollen manufactory was formerly very extenſive.

The city is ſurrounded with a rampart and a wide canal. The Eſplanade, and the Foſſe, are adorned with rows of trees which environ the town, with a pleaſant walk at the water's edge, from whence you look over ſome rich meadows. In the center of the town ſtands a Tumulus of conſiderable height, ſurrounded by a brick wall, from whence you have a tolerable view of the city: it is called the Berg, or Hengiſt's caſtle; was built by Hengiſt the Saxon, as a trophy for his conqueſt of England.

The moſt elegant ſtreet is the Broad Street, which runs from the Hague gate to the Utrecht gate: it is a little on the curve, which adds, I think, much to its beauty; the pavement is extremely fine, and the ſtreet riſes in the center like the new paved ſtreets in London: is very ſpacious, as indeed are moſt of the ſtreets in Leyden. Among the canals

canals the Rapinbury is the moſt beautiful: the houſes are magnificent: the bridges ſtone, with iron rails; and there are trees on each ſide of the canal. It is ſaid that there are an hundred and forty-five bridges, and an hundred and eighty ſtreets within the city of Leyden. The Old Rhine runs through this town, and loſes itſelf in the little village of Catwick, which lies in the neighbourhood,

The Univerſity is the moſt renowned of the five * which are in the United Provinces, and is the moſt ancient, being founded in 1575 by the States as a reward to the inhabitants for defending themſelves againſt the Spaniards during a ſix months ſiege; in which they ſuffered all the horrors of war, and extremities of famine.

The Academy abounds with many curioſities; it is there the profeſſors read lectures to the ſtudents who lodge in the town, and

† The five Univerſities are, A. D.
1 Leyden in Holland 1575.
2 Utrecht - 1636.
3 Franeker in Frieſland 1584.
4 Groninghen 1614.
5 Harderwick in Guelderland 1648.

are

are not diſtinguiſhed by any academical habit. It is there that the learned Scaliger, Lipſius, Salmaſius and Boerhaave, gained ſo much reputation by their lectures, and brought ſtudents from all parts of Europe to attend them.

The Botanic Garden has always been one of the moſt reſpectable in Europe, both on account of the famous profeſſors who have preſided over it, and the number of curious exotics growing in it, as may be ſeen in Boerhaave's and Van Royen's catalogues. It is nicely arranged, and kept in excellent order.

On one ſide of theſe gardens is a very curious collection of antique marbles, given by Gerard Papenbrochius, a Burgomaſter of Amſterdam. I cannot omit mentioning the ſtatues of Hercules, of Bacchus leaning on a fawn attended by a tyger, of an Abundantia as big as the life, and of a naked Apollo; all which have eſpecial merit.

Adjoining to the ſtatues is the Natural Philoſophy School, in which the lectures are read: you will find in it a good collection of natural curioſities:

curioſities: ſome very fine petrifactions; in particular, a piece of oak, one ſide of which has been poliſhed, and vies both in hardneſs and colour with an agate. Some curious pieces of cryſtal, formed by nature to an apex, with ſix angles, as exact and as finely poliſhed as if the production of art. A fiſh called the Meduſa's head, from a thouſand little fibres darting out from its body in a circle like twiſted rays: this, in itſelf, is very curious; but the exact repreſentation of it in a natural agate is much more ſo.

But I think one of the greateſt curioſities was the aſbeſtos from Tranſylvania: it is a ſtone with a ſoft down on it like velvet, of a dove colour; of this is made both paper and linen; we ſaw ſamples of both: the very peculiar property of it is, that fire has no effect on it, for it ſtill continues its form unchanged, and unconſumed.

Among the beaſts was an ermin, about the ſize and ſhape of a weaſel: this little animal is ſo fearful of dirtying its ſkin, that it will ſooner loſe its liberty than its cleanlineſs.

There was a kind of toad, which brings forth its young from its back: on obſerving it, we perceived infinite numbers of young toads adhering to the back, which appeared like the broken ſcales of a fiſh.

The toad fiſh from America is an extraordinary creature; it is for the firſt ſix months a toad, then changes by degrees into a fiſh: this had half completed its transformation, having the tail of a fiſh, with the head and fore parts of a toad.

The Penna Marina belongs to the animal ſpecies: it is the production of the ocean; looks like a plant; and is nothing more than a ſtem of about two inches long, with a kind of feather at the end of it, not unlike a quill with part of the feather cut off.

Among the feathered race, the moſt curious was the Hydrocorax Indicus; the only one in Europe; larger than a turkey — black, Roſtro unicorni, cornu recurvo — if I may expreſs myſelf in the technical terms of Ornithology.

The Caſuari is likewiſe black, and in ſize equal to an oſtrich.

There was an immenſe beaſt, called the Hippopotamus, as large as an elephant, its colour black; with a row of grinders in the interior part of its mouth, beſides a good number in front.

From the Academy you croſs the Rapinbury to the Public Library; there are ſome valuable portraits of their literati; in particular, an original of Eraſmus, by Hans Holbein. They have done us the honour to give place in their library to the Sçavans Anglois, in buſts of ivory.

I was a little ſurpriſed to ſee among my learned countrymen, Marvel and Ludlow; none but Dutchmen could have introduced them into the company of Locke and Milton. There are vaſt piles of civil law, and a conſiderable number of manuſcripts; but theſe excepted, it can be called but an indifferent collection. Near to the library is the Anatomy School, in which are many curioſities: ſome Roman antiques, ſuch as an Urna feralis,

lis, in red potter's clay, the ſame as our earthen utenſils: a Lucerna Sepulchralis, which was the perpetual lamp uſed by the Romans: it is made with four ſpouts, and riſes up in the middle in a conical form.

There was the egg of a crocodile, which is of a brown colour and of a hard ſubſtance; the inſide looked like cedar wood.

From the Anatomy School we went to the Stadt-houſe, which is ſituated in the Broad-Street, and has a long front, in the true ſtyle of Dutch architecture. The famous picture of the Day of Judgment, by Luke of Leyden,* is preſerved in one of the chambers of the Stadt-houſe: it is painted on wood, in three compartments, which by the help of hinges, fold together and protect the piece.

In the grand compartment, you ſee our Saviour enthroned on the centre of a rainbow, the

* Lucas van Leyden died in 1533, aged 39; he painted not only in oil, but in diſtemper, and on glaſs, and was full as eminent for engraving as for painting. His genius exerted itſelf ſo early, that before he was 15 he painted the hiſtory of St. Hubert, which procured him the greateſt applauſe:

the extremities of which loſe themſelves imperceptibly in the clouds; the twelve elders are ſeated on each ſide; below, there is a group of mortals who have not received judgment, which you may eaſily diſcern by the ſuſpence and anxiety ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on their countenances. On one ſide of this group you ſee thoſe who have received the reward of their virtue, eſcorted by the good angels, who are flying into the heavens with the juſt. On the other ſide are ſome of the oddeſt looking devils that the moſt luxuriant imagination can conceive; eſpecially one with the head of a cow, and with two long meagre dugs hanging down to the middle—It is impoſſible to behold this fiend without horror. Theſe are employed in dragging away the condemned, by the hair of the head, and puſhing them forward with pitch-forks. I am concern-

plauſe: his tone of colouring is good, his attitudes (allowing for the ſtiff German taſte) are well enough, his figures have a conſiderable expreſſion, and his pictures are highly finiſhed. He endeavoured to proportion the ſtrength of his colouring to the different degrees of diſtance in which his objects were placed; for in that age the true principles of perſpective were but little known. As he had no inſtructor in this branch, he was conſequently incorrect, with regard to the proportional height of his figures to their diſtances, ſo as to appear a manneriſt.

ed for the ladies, but I could not help obſerving among thoſe who were howling and gnaſhing their teeth, a vaſt majority of female figures, with golden treſſes flowing down their backs; ſome of whom had not ſo far forgot their humanity, but that they attempted to impoſe even on the devils, by eluding their graſp, and running back towards the manſions of the bleſſed.

In the next apartment is a crucifixion by the ſame hand: here you ſee our Saviour on the croſs, the two thieves on each ſide, and a thouſand diſtinct figures in which the paſſions are finely varied: proſtrate at the foot of the croſs were vaſt numbers of the fair ſex, in all the pageantry of woe, with their hair diſhevelled, and their eyes ſtreaming with tears; but I doubt that they were crocodiles tears, or I ſhould not have ſeen ſuch numbers guarded by devils in the other picture.

In this room is a fine piece, by Moor, of the firſt Brutus ſeeing his judgment executed on his ſons; one of which lies a lifeleſs trunk, the head rolling in the duſt; the other

other ſon is on his knees expecting the fatal ſtroke. There is likewiſe a tolerable picture of the well-known ſtory of Scipio and the Celtiberian captive; and a large picture which deſcribes the people of Leyden, after being relieved from the Spaniards and the famine, devouring, with well-executed eagerneſs, the long-wanted food.

As Leyden conſiſts chiefly of people in trade, which is at preſent greatly on the decline, you may ſuppoſe the town to be, what in fact it was, extremely dull; we therefore left it on Wedneſday morning, and proceeded on the canal to Harlem.

The Veens or Turf-Pits may be ſeen from thence, of which the greateſt part appear to be full of water, and little likely to be productive of fuel; notwithſtanding four hundred thouſand people, who inhabit the three neighbouring cities, are ſupplied from them.

This was but a dull voyage, the Sand-hills lying on the left, and Harlem-meer on the right, which is a lake about fourteen miles

in length, and of equal breadth; it lies between Leyden, Harlem, and Amſterdam; is navigable,* but ſubject to ſtorms, and ſome melancholy accidents have happened on it; which occaſioned the canals to be made from Leyden to Amſterdam, a much longer paſſage; but the ſafety of it induces moſt travellers to prefer the more tedious method, eſpecially as you then paſs through Harlem, which is a large city, containing, agreeable to the computation in 1732, between forty and fifty thouſand inhabitants. It differs ſo little from the other towns I have ſeen, that I need only mention the church, which is the largeſt in Holland, and adorned with an organ,† which is infinitely ſuperior to any thing of the kind in Europe. It was made by Chriſtian Muller of Harlem, and erected in 1738; it

* The King of Bohemia having been dethroned, and driven out of the Palatinate by the Emperor, took ſanctuary in Holland; in November 1629, as he was paſſing over the lake, the evening came on, and the weather tempeſtuous, when a boat ran foul of hi , and immediately ſunk it; the King ſaved his life by ſwimming, but his eldeſt ſon was drowned.

† It plays on Tueſdays and Thurſdays, from noon till one o'clock. At other times you muſt give a ducat to the organiſt, and half a crown to the blower of the bellows.

it conſiſts of eight thouſand pipes, the largeſt are thirty-eight feet long, and ſixteen inches in diameter; there are ſixty eight ſtops, of which the moſt wonderful is the Vox Humana, ſo exactly imitative of the human voice, both in the baſe, tenor, and treble, that it was ſome time before I could perſuade myſelf that I was not impoſed on by real voices: there were other pipes, which were equally wonderful in the notes of different birds: and the kettle-drum ſtop was beyond all imagination. Oppoſite to this church, lives a bookſeller, who very civilly ſhewed us the firſt, ſecond, and third eſſays of Laurence Coſtar, the inventor of printing.

The firſt is on a narrow leaf of parchment, in duodecimo: the ſecond attempt was on paper, in octavo: the third likewiſe is on paper, in quarto, in which he brought it to a tolerable degree of perfection. It is printed only on one ſide, with a print at top from a wooden impreſſion, of equal merit with thoſe which ornament our Engliſh ballads.

Laurence Coſtar was an Alderman of Harlem;* and in 1440, it is ſaid, he hit upon this invention, as he was walking in the wood near Harlem, by cutting the bark of beech trees into letters, and then ſtamping them upon paper, as a ſeal.

He ſoon changed theſe for leaden letters, and theſe afterwards into pewter, and erected a printing office in his own houſe; but while he was at church with his family, John Fauſt, his ſervant, ſtole the printing materials, and carried them to Mentz; where he pretended that he had invented the art, from whence he acquired the title of Dr. Fauſtus, the conjuror of Mentz. The moſt uſeful improvement in this art was made by John Mentel, who diſcovered the method of caſting letters. Aldus Manutius, the famous Venetian printer, ſoon after found out the Italic characters, and

* Philip, Peter, and John Wouvermans were born at this place: the two latter copied the manner, but were far inferior to Philip, who was infinitely beyond all his cotemporaries. His chief ſubjects were hunting, hawking, encampments of armies, farriers ſhops, and all kind of ſcenes which afforded him a proper opportunity of introducing horſes, which he painted to the greateſt perfection.

and was the firſt who printed in Greek and Hebrew.

In a ſtreet adjacent to the other end of the church, is a houſe belonging I believe to the city, in which are ſome few good pictures, which formerly hung in the palace of Count Florence the Fifth; eſpecially three by Cornelius of Harlem: Herod killing the Innocents, by Francis Hals; the Feaſt of the Gods, in which the ſole of Vulcan's foot will ſtrike you; the other is a Friar and Nun, but much damaged by the damp.

There is an excellent piece of a Dutch Girl, in the ſtyle of a peaſant, by Hemſkirk; with an archneſs in her look, that never Dutch woman I believe was bleſſed with.

The Spaniards, commanded by the ſon of the Duke of Alva, beſieged this place in 1573; which being reduced to the greateſt extremities, after a deſperate defence for ten months, was forced to ſurrender, and two thouſand of the inhabitants were baſely maſſacred, contrary to the terms of capitulation.

The trade of Harlem conſiſts chiefly in bleaching of linen, and in tapes and thread. The holland and cambrick made in Flanders, and great quantities of fine Iriſh are ſent there to be whitened; the ſlimy water of the Meer being acknowledged ſuperior to any water upon earth for bleacheries. They have likewiſe conſiderable manufactories in velvet and ſilk, which they vend chiefly at Leipſick and Hamburg. We only ſtaid to dine at Harlem; in the evening we proceeded in the treckſchuyte to Amſterdam. About mid-way we were obliged to change boats, and paſs over the ſluices, which are of an enormous ſize. On the right lies Harlem-meer; the river Y waſhes the left. It is five miles from this place to Amſterdam, and the canal that whole diſtance is as ſtraight as a line, but the banks are not built on as the canals from Rotterdam to the Hague and Leyden; which is owing to want of room, the lake and the river being too near.

It is curious to obſerve the water of the Y, four or five feet higher than the adjacent country; but in fact, almoſt every canal has the

the water raiſed above the meadows.—When we landed at Amſterdam, we found common fame to be no liar, in reſpect to the inſufferable ſtench ariſing from the canals and common ſewers.

Amſterdam is ſituated on the river Amſtel,* and an arm of the ſea, called the Y, at the mouth of the Zuyder-ſea, and is built in the form of a creſcent. It is fortified with a foſſe of great depth and width, with a rampart of earth faced with brick, ſtrengthened with twenty-ſix baſtions; in each of which ſtands a wind-mill, ornamented with eight magnificent gates of free-ſtone, built either in a ſemi circular or octagonal ſhape: in all the chief ſtreets are canals ſhaded with trees, the grandeſt of which is the Heere-graft, or canal of Lords; this is the place of reſidence for the bankers and chief merchants; for here every one is in trade: the few nobles of Holland reſide always at the Hague. Thoſe ſtreets in which

* Over the Amſtel, which enters at the Utrecht gate, is thrown a bridge of eleven arches, eight of which are ſhut to incloſe the yachts belonging to the city. This bridge is much admired by the natives; in my opinion it is a very paltry piece of architecture, the arches being very high and narrow.

which there are no canals, are vilely narrow. The Neſs, in which we live, I had the curioſity to meaſure, and it is only ſixteen feet wide: the houſes are lofty, and the bridges are chiefly of ſtone.

The ſquares are neither ſpacious nor elegant; the dam is the largeſt, in which the Stadt-houſe is ſituated, but it is irregular, and vilely disfigured by a weighing houſe—the others no more deſerve the name of ſquares, than Clare-Market, or Palace-Yard, Weſtminſter.

This populous city contained twenty ſix thouſand and thirty five houſes in 1732, and is ſuppoſed, according to the beſt calculation, to contain at preſent, two hundred and fifty thouſand inhabitants,* though it was at the beginning of the thirteenth century, an inconſiderable fiſhing village on the edge of a moraſs, which is now covered with buildings, erected upon piles of timber, driven into the earth,

* Paris is ſaid to contain five hundred thouſand, and London ſeven hundred thouſand inhabitants. The number of inhabitants in Holland are twelve hundred thouſand; in England are computed to be nine millions, in France eighteen millions, and in Germany twenty millions of ſouls.

earth, at immenſe labour and expence: for the foundation only of one tower ſix thouſand trees were rammed into the ground. Notwithſtanding theſe precautions, the magiſtrates are ſo apprehenſive of the foundations, that very few coaches are licenſed. The carriages in general are fixed on ſledges, drawn by one horſe, the driver attending on foot.

There are fifteen churches of the eſtabliſhed, that is the Calviniſt religion; which are ſerved by thirty miniſters, equal in authority and revenue: they are allowed two hundred and forty pounds per year each, which is paid by the city.

The moſt ſtupendous undertaking in this city, is the Stadt-houſe, which you enter by ſeven ſmall gates, parallel to each other, inſtead of one magnificent portal, equal to a front which extends itſelf two hundred and eighty two feet, whoſe height is one hundred and ſixteen, and the breadth two hundred and thirty two feet. The building is of ſtone, with pillars of the Corinthian order: it is erected

erected on thirteen thouſand ſix hundred and fifty nine piles of timber, and was finiſhed in 1655: on the top is a ſtatue of Atlas in braſs, bearing on his ſhoulders a copper globe, ſaid to be larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome; and on the center is a cupola, from whence is an extenſive view of the city and its environs. The piles coſt one hundred thouſand pounds—the whole expence was computed at two millions. Verſailles coſt only eight hundred thouſand pounds—the Eſcurial, one million; and St. Paul's one million five hundred thouſand pounds. "It is upon record, "that St. Peter's at Rome, with all that is "contained in it, has coſt near thirteen millions "ſterling."

The cornices of the rooms are finely carved, the floors laid with marble, and the ſides of the apartments lined either with marble or valuable paintings. Over the doors and chimney pieces are ſeveral hiſtorical pieces in baſſo relievo, inimitably executed in Italian marble: and there are ſome deceptions in a kind of grey painting, to imitate baſſo relievo, (eſpecially of

of ſome children) by De-Wit, ſo finely touched, that the moſt critical eye at half the diſtance of the room would be deceived.

A large piece, by Vanderhelſt, is deſervedly eſteemed; it is a feaſt given to the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, by the Burgomaſters of Amſterdam, on the making peace between the two countries in 1648. But the beſt piece is by Vandyke, which repreſents an entertainment, where you ſee the portraits of all the conſiderable perſons of the city; an old grey haired man is ſo much admired in this wonderful picture, that ſeven thouſand guilders were offered to cut out the head.

The Stadt-houſe is admirably contrived for public utility: here is the Bank, ſuppoſed to be the richeſt in Europe; here are the courts of juſtice, the priſons for criminals and debtors, the chambers of the Senate, the Treaſury, the magazine of arms, and, in ſhort, all the public offices; with eight large ciſterns of water on the top, with pipes to every room to extinguiſh fires. The citizens hall is the grand-

eſt,

eſt, being one hundred and twenty feet by fifty ſeven, and ninety feet high; it is paved with marble, in which are ſtained the terreſtrial and celeſtial globes; the ſides, the roof, and the pillars are all of marble; but there always is a ſomething wanting—there is not light enough to admire with accuracy the wonderful magnificence of this apartment.

From the Stadt-houſe you croſs the Dam to the Exchange, which is not to be compared with Rotterdam in beauty, nor to our Royal Exchange in ſize. The building is of brick, and at full change, if appearances may be relied on, was crowded with the moſt blackguard fellows on the face of the earth. In the afternoon I paid a ſecond viſit to the Exchange, to ſee the city militia perform their exerciſe; to which every man is ſubject, unleſs he makes a pecuniary compenſation; thoſe therefore who from their poverty cannot, or from their avarice will not pay the fine, are obliged to ſerve. Here penury and parſimony were collected together in ſuch various habits (for they have no regular uniform) as to make the moſt

moſt ludicrous group imagination can ſuggeſt. A giant and a dwarf, a Falſtaff and a Slender, a bob wig and a ſhock head of hair, in coats of all the colours of the rainbow, joined moſt heterogeneouſly together to compoſe a rank, in which every man followed his own invention in as many different attitudes and manœuvres as there were men to make them.

In the evening we went to the theatre, which, like all play-houſes, our own excepted, is dark, long, and ſmall; the pit is excellent, having ſeats with low backs, and marked with numbers, to diſtinguiſh the ſeat of each perſon, by which, both crowding and diſputes are prevented: this is the only houſe I ever ſaw abroad, in which there are ſeats in the pit, or *parterre*, as it is called. It is under the control and direction of the city: the magiſtrates receive the money, defray the charges, and pay the actors; the reſidue is applied to the maintenance of the poor, and to the ſupport of the different hoſpitals.

Every rope-dancer, puppet-player, as well as all others who pretend to entertain the public,

lic, are obliged to contribute one third of their profits towards the maintenance of the poor.

On Friday we looked into the Raſp-houſe, which is a priſon for criminals, as well as for children who are profligate and diſobedient: the former are confined in a ſmall room, chained to a block, and ſpend their whole time in ſawing or *raſping* Brazil wood, or in other work equally laborious. I was ſhocked at the ſight of ſo many of my ſpecies, naked to the waiſt, worn out with labour, pale with confinement, and emaciated by want. Yet how much wiſer this method than the Engliſh law, which, for thirteen pence, deprives a man of life, and the king of a ſubject, whom the Dutch ſhew us may be made uſeful to the public!

From thence we went to the Spin-houſe, for the correction, but not, I think, to the amendment of looſe women, as every one is permitted to ſee and converſe with them through the rails, which can only harden them in impudence.

We

We walked into the New Church, to ſee a burial: in this nation of induſtry time is too precious to be complimented away on the dead, who can make them no return, therefore the ceremony of prayers is laid aſide as ſuperfluous; the coffin is put inſtantly into the grave, which is immediately filled up; the relations bow, and return to their avocations. The organ in this church is inferior only to the organ at Harlem. The partition, which divides the chancel from the nave, is of Corinthian braſs. The ſounding board over the pulpit is juſtly admired for the inimitable carving with which it is ornamented.

From thence we proceeded to the Admiralty and Dock-yard, which are ſituated at the extremity of the quay. The Admiralty forms three ſides of a ſquare, in the middle of which is the yard for building of the men of war; the fourth ſide is open to the water. Here is not an appearance to be feared by the Engliſh, though much to be admired for the excellent order in which the arms and ſtores are diſpoſed.

Among the number of hoſpitals in this city, the

the Gaſt houſe for the ſick is the moſt worthy a ſtranger's viſiting; it is an elegant ſtone quadrangle, at the end of which are ſome neat little ſhops for toys, lace, &c. The revenue of this hoſpital is computed at eight thouſand pounds ſterling a year, a large ſum, but the General Hoſpital, for men, at Madrid, contains one thouſand five hundred iron beds, and its revenue amounts to forty thouſand doubloons, about thirty thouſand pounds ſterling.

There is an hoſpital where all poor travellers without diſtinction are lodged and entertained for three nights, and no longer.

It is computed that twenty thouſand ſouls are maintained in the different hoſpitals, which are either endowed or ſupported out of the public revenue, aſſiſted by the contributions of the charitable; for which purpoſe, men belonging to the hoſpitals go twice a week to every houſe begging for alms.

After ſupper we amuſed ourſelves at a Muſico, which is a licenſed brothel. You enter a large room upon the payment of a guilder, for which you have wine, muſic, and tobacco; there you ſee girls of all ſorts and nations, who do

do not live in the houſe, neither are any flagrant indecencies permitted: if you chooſe to retire with a lady to her lodgings, there is no law to reſtrain or to puniſh you. It is as morally evil to licenſe fornication, as it is politically ſo to ſhut up for life women who have ſhewn themſelves willing to become fruitful members of ſociety.

We found the women equally ugly, impudent, and diſguſting; we ſoon, therefore, retired unhurt by the ſmiles of the harlots, or the ſnicks-and-ſnees of the ſailors, which they are ready with, if a man is unfortunate enough to pitch upon a girl who is the favourite of one of theſe ſavages.

This morning (Saturday) we went to the Portugueſe Synagogue, which is a large ſpacious building filled with a numerous congregation; the women ſit together in a gallery, with lattices before them; the men ſit below on benches with Tawliſes* on, which they throw over their ſhoulders; and I declare, at firſt ſight I took the whole aſſembly for old clothes-men, with their bags over their arms.

* The *Tawlis* is a kind of veil, generally thrown over the ſhoulders, ſometimes over the face.

From

From thence we hurried down to the Quay, where we had a veſſel ready for us, and ſailed with a fair wind over the Y, to Sardam*, a village in North Holland, famous for ſhip building and windmills, which latter ſeem to be innumerable. Had Don Quixote, in his travels, touched at Sardam, he would have found there adventures for life, without ſearching for other conqueſts, The firſt mill we viſited was a ſaw mill, by which forty boards can be ſawed at the ſame time. The flies of the mill are fixed to a large beam, which turns on an axle; in the center of this beam is the grand wheel, which puts in motion another immediately below it, this is likewiſe fixed on the middle of a piece of timber, which hangs on an axle, and to which four perpendicular ſaws, ten in each compartment, are fixed; which, as the wheel goes round, are elevated, and again thruſt down: at the end of this beam are two iron hooks, which catch a

* In the church is a picture remarkable not for the goodneſs of the painting, but for the extraordinary fact it is intended to perpetuate. A woman was toſſed by a bull, when big with child, and gored in the belly with his horn; the moment ſhe fell to the ground ſhe was delivered of a ſon—they both ſurvived, as did the huſband, who was toſſed in coming to her aſſiſtance.

wheel, and each time the ſaws go up and down, it moves this wheel one cog, that wheel moves another, which catches into a piece of iron, and draws it towards itſelf: at the end of this iron is a croſs bar, which preſſes againſt the end of the tree, while the other end is ſawing, and puſhes it on to the teeth of the ſaw, with a motion proportionate to the diſpatch of the ſaws.

From the ſaw-mill we walked to a paper-mill, and obſerved the whole proceſs, from the cutting rags to the cleanſing them in a wheel with a conſtant ſucceſſion of freſh water, which makes it into a pulp; a mould with wire at top and wood at bottom is dipped in, on taking it out the wire top ſlips off, a piece of flannel is laid on the paper, which the next moment is portable and hung out to dry, the flaws being firſt picked out, which is the buſineſs of the women and children; the laſt proceſs is to preſs it.

From thence we paſſed to a tobacco-mill, in which is a large trough full of the leaf: ten or twelve perpendicular pieces of timber, with choppers fixed to one end and cogs to the other,

which catch in a wheel as it turns, by which they are lifted up, fall by their own weight, and chop the tobacco ſmall; it is then laid on a ſtone table, on which move two immenſe ſtones, one within the other, the firſt ſpreads it, a machine of wood follows and collects it into a row, which a piece of iron comes after, and divides into a furrow, wide enough for the preſſure of the other ſtone; all theſe move at the ſame time, and turn on the ſame axle.

The oil-mill for rape-ſeed, &c. is on the ſame principles, to bruiſe them into powder, which is then put into a pan over the fire for a moment, from thence into little bags, two of which are put into a preſs, one at each end, which are preſſed by a wedge in the middle, and force the oil into vaſes below; the bags are then ſlipped off, and the duſt remains a hard cake, with which they feed the cattle.

From Sardam we ſailed back to Buikſloot, a little village in North Holland, oppoſite to Amſterdam.

A ſingular cuſtom is retained in North Holland

land of having a door in every houſe which is never opened but when a corpſe is carried out, which muſt be brought through that door, and no other. I think there is ſomething uncommonly ſolemn in it, and ſuch a door in every houſe would be an admirable memento to the family. The head-dreſs of the women is very extraordinary, they have a little hair cut very ſhort and thin, which is combed down on the forehead and powdered. The cap ſticks cloſe to their ears, under which are two little pieces of ſilver or gold, which appear at each temple, and a large piece like a broad ribbon is under the cap on the back part of the head.

From thence we took a waggon to Broek, about ſix miles diſtance, the moſt pictureſque village perhaps in the world. It is chiefly inhabited by bankers and inſurers. The houſes are of fluted boards painted in different colours, agreeable to the taſte of the reſpective owners. The roofs are of glazed tiles, and the gardens, which are before every door, are laid out in parterres of various forms and colours, by the aſſiſtance of ſhells, pieces of brick, marbles, glaſs

beads, &c. a few trees are planted before every houſe at the extremity of theſe little gardens, which are cut into form.

The art of gardening muſt have improved very ſlowly in North Holland, for ſo far back as in James the Firſt's time Lord Bacon ridiculed this falſe taſte: "As for the making of knots of "figures," ſays he, "with divers coloured "earths, that they may be under the windows "of the houſe, they be but toys; you may "ſee as good ſights many times in tarts.

The ſtreets are paved with brick, on which neither carriages nor cattle are ſuffered, and they are as clean as a lady's drawing room. Nothing can be conceived neater than that beautiful little place, nor more extravagant than the charges at the inn. Some boiled perch, and three bottles of Rheniſh, which is about tenpence a bottle, coſt us a Guinea. We returned to Buikſloot to our veſſel, and as the wind ſlackened, we narrowly eſcaped lying out all night in an open boat, for towards the ſide of the harbour the city is encloſed with great piles driven into the ground, joined by large beams

placed horizontally, with openings to let the veſſels in and out, which is done without the leaſt confuſion: theſe openings are ſhut every evening, at the ringing of a bell, and we were ſo near being too late as to touch the beam with the ſide of our boat, as it was cloſing the harbour. I am fatigued with the excurſion I have made; I have written till my candles are almoſt out, as well as my eyes; I muſt riſe early, as we go to Utrecht in the morning, therefore I muſt bid you

Adieu!

Amſterdam.

In the Utrecht Treckſchuyte.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT Amſterdam at ſeven this morning, and have, for the firſt time, found a treckſchuyte diſagreeable, but as it is probably the laſt I ſhall ever meet with, a few unpleaſant hours muſt not be regarded.

We unluckily could not get the roof, and as it rains hard we cannot walk upon the top, we therefore have no other alternative, than to ſit in the body of the boat with upwards of twenty perſons of both ſexes, from whoſe mouths nothing has hitherto iſſued but volumes of tobacco ſmoke, which has made my friend ſick and me ſulky. I wiſh to beguile the time by writing, but I gave you ſo long an account of Amſterdam laſt night, that I have nothing more to add. Obſervations you cannot expect from a man whoſe furlough is ſo ſhort, that he is obliged to go poſt through the country. Such an excurſion, however pleaſing to the eye, cannot give much improvement

provement to the mind. In little more than a fortnight I have made the tour of the whole Province of Holland, viſited every town (except Dort and Tergow, which, on inquiry, I find not worth notice*), and have ſuffered nothing curious to eſcape me: my head, therefore, at preſent is a confuſed medley of dykes and pictures, churches and canals, bridges and ſtadthouſes, but a void in reſpect to the cuſtoms, police, and manners of the people, the only uſeful knowledge to be acquired by travelling.

I have ſeen enough to confirm me in the juſtneſs of Sir William Temple's opinion, who, in ſpeaking of Holland, if my memory miſleads me not, ſays, "That it is a country where the earth

* At Tergow or Gouda, the painted windows in the church are many of them exquiſitely beautiful; they repreſent ſcripture hiſtories mixed with monkiſh legends. They were executed during the latter half of the ſixteenth century.

At Dort, the great church is in the old plain architecture, but handſome within: in the chancel is ſome fine old carving on wood, much defaced; one ſide repreſents the triumph of the maſs, and the other a Roman triumph. The pulpit is of marble, adorned with three excellent bas-reliefs, repreſenting our Saviour's baptiſm, his diſcourſe with the doctors, and his preaching on the mount; and with four emblematical figures. The great room in which the famous ſynod was held remains ſtill in its original ſtate. You may go by water from Rotterdam to Dort, and thence croſs Holland's Deep to Breda.

is better than the air, and profit more in requeſt than honour; where there is more ſenſe than wit, more good-nature than good-humour, and more wealth than pleaſure. Where a man would chooſe rather to travel than to live; ſhall find more things to obſerve than deſire; and more perſons to eſteem, than to love."

There are ſome regulations in the police of Amſterdam, which would be well worthy of imitation in London; you never meet a watchman alone, two always walk together, by which means they add ſtrength as well as give courage to each other. Many a houſe is broke open in London, and many a ſober citizen knocked down in the preſence of a watchman, who either from fear or knavery ſuffers the villains to eſcape.

There is another admirable cuſtom to prevent the ſpreading of fire, by giving almoſt an immediate alarm. On the tops of four churches, ſituated at four different quarters of the city, watchmen are fixed during the night, who are obliged to ſound a trumpet every half hour, as a ſignal of their being awake and on their duty.

On

On the breaking out of a fire they ring the alarm bell, which calls their brethren to the ſpot in a moment. Of what ſervice would a plan ſomething ſimilar to this be in our metropolis!

There are few general conveniences which carry not a miſchief along with them; canals, for inſtance, are great ornaments to the ſtreets, and of infinite uſe to the inhabitants; but the miſchief is, that many an honeſt man loſes his life in Amſterdam, who in London would only loſe his money, for the villains firſt rob him and then puſh him into the canal, to prevent his telling tales, thus charitably eaſing him of his money, leſt the weight of it ſhould ſink him.

I believe I have already mentioned the neatneſs of the people, but in this they have no merit, for the neatneſs of their houſes and cleanlineſs of their towns proceed from neceſſity; ſuch is the moiſture of the air, that were it not for theſe cuſtoms, peſtilential diſeaſes would be the conſequence, which, careful as they are, now

often happen. This perpetual dampneſs in the atmoſphere ruſts metals and moulds wood, which obliges the inhabitants, not from a principle of neatneſs, but of œconomy, by ſcouring the one and painting the other, to ſeek a prevention or a cure: hence ariſes the neatneſs, which by people who judge only by appearances, is called *natural*; but indeed moſt national cuſtoms are the effects of unobſerved cauſes and neceſſities. In this country the mind is perpetually ſtruck with wonder and admiration: if mathematicians are to be credited, on the meaſure of the two elements, they found the ſea, even in a calm, above half a foot higher than the land; the waves are checked by an infinity of ſand-hills, which lie along the coaſt; add to this natural defence, a dyke of twenty feet high, twenty-five feet broad at bottom, and about ten at top, running parallel to the high-water mark; this is made of clay, ſtrengthened towards the land with planks and ſtone, towards the water with ruſhes, ſea-weed, and flags ſtaked down, which give way to the force of the waves, and reſume their place again, when they retire. Goldſmith has drawn a very

elegant picture of this country in his admirable poem of the Traveller.

"While the pent ocean riſing o'er the pile,
"Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
"The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
"The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
"The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
"A new creation reſcued from his reign."

It is wonderful, that in a country without a ſtone or a pebble, there ſhould be ſtone edifices the moſt magnificent: without foreſts, or an oak-tree (two little woods excepted) the Dutch navy is the ſecond in the world; without arable land, they ſupply half Europe with corn, and with a tract of country, ſcarce larger than an Engliſh county, they can raiſe men and money to make themſelves of importance in the eyes of the firſt power in Chriſtendom.

Facts ſo extraordinary require explanation; I muſt beg you, therefore, to recollect, that this ſtate was founded on Liberty and Religion; was reared by Induſtry and Oeconomy, and has flouriſhed by its ſituation and commerce. The

bigoted maxims of Philip II. the introduction of the Inquiſition, and the erecting fourteen new biſhopricks in the Low Countries, the unrelenting rigour of the Cardinal Granvelle, and the ſucceeding cruelty of the Duke of Alva, together with the Council of Twelve, called the Council of Blood, and the execution of Count Egmont and Horn, were the cauſes which drove the people to throw off the yoke, and gave riſe to the union of Utrecht. Perſevering valour, joined to the political aſſiſtance of other powers, has been the means of preſerving their independence, while the decline of the Venetian navy has made them the common carriers of Europe, and the wars in Flanders and ſituation of Holland have conſpired to render Amſterdam the ſeat of univerſal commerce.

Till the beginning of the ſixteenth century Venice by its ſhipping, and Florence by its manufactories, poſſeſt the whole trade of Europe, Perſia, and the Indies; but the diſcovery of a paſſage to the Eaſt, by the Cape of Good-Hope, and the ſettlements of the Portugueſe in India, proved

proved fatal to the republic of Venice; Liſbon then became the ſtaple of the trade to the Eaſt-Indies, and the Eaſterlings who inhabited the Hans Towns were the great merchants of the North---They brought commerce firſt to Bruges, and from thence to Antwerp, which the revolt of the Netherlands drew afterwards to Holland. The Dutch likewiſe, by their ſucceſs againſt the Portugueſe in India, and by their treaties with the natives, in proceſs of time drew the whole trade of India from Liſbon.

Their country is moſt admirably ſituated for the trade of the Baltic, which includes Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Ruſſia, Poland, and the North coaſt of Germany, while they ſend merchandiſe into the interior parts of the Empire and the Auſtrian Netherlands, by the Rhine, Maes, and Scheld. You muſt likewiſe conſider, that each town values itſelf upon ſome particular branch of trade, by which it is improved to the utmoſt; as for inſtance, Delft for the Dutch porcelain; Sardam for ſhip-building; Rotterdam for the Scotch and Engliſh trade; Amſterdam for that of the Streights, Spain, and the Eaſt-Indies, and the whole Province for the Herring

ring Fiſhery, which ſupplies the ſouthern parts of Europe. Thus you ſee the greatneſs of this country has ariſen from a wonderful concurrence of circumſtances; from a long courſe of time; from the confluence of ſtrangers, driven either by perſecution, or invited by the credit of their government; from the cheapneſs of carriage by the convenience of the canals; from the low intereſt of money and dearneſs of land, which conſequently turn ſpecie into trade; from particular traffic carried on at particular places; from their intenſe application to their navy; from the vaſt nurſeries for their ſailors, and from their amazing acquiſitions in the Eaſt-Indies: all theſe circumſtances have conſpired to make this little republic the envy and admiration of the world.

Adieu!

DEAR

Utrecht.

DEAR SIR,

WE landed at Utrecht yeſterday about three o'clock, and a fine evening in ſome meaſure compenſated for a rainy morning. This place is the capital of the province, ſituated on the channel of the old Rhine, called by the Latin writers, Trajectum ad Rhenum, thirty miles ſouth-eaſt of Amſterdam, and twenty-five north-eaſt of Rotterdam. It is undoubtedly a moſt elegant town, but without any public building to attract a ſtranger's notice. It is larger than the Hague, and is fortified with a rampart, but untenable for an hour againſt a regular attack: in 1672 Louis XIV. entered the town with his army without a ſhot being fired; kept poſſeſſion of it upwards of a twelvemonth, and raiſed two hundred thouſand pounds from the inhabitants by way of contribution; in return for their complaiſance, Louis ordered his ſoldiers to ſpare the Mall, which is the fineſt in Europe

rope. It is ſituated without the walls, is three quarters of a mile in length, and has a triple row of trees on each ſide of the grand walk. You paſs through a noble ſtone gate which leads to the Mall, and through a row of trees on the bank of the canal, which encompaſſes the city. From the Mall we mounted the Dome, a tower belonging to the cathedral now in ruins, which you aſcend by four hundred and ſixty ſteps; from this height is a vaſt proſpect commanding fifty walled towns with the naked eye.

The Oude-Graaft (the old canal) is very ſpacious and crowded with veſſels. The Nieve-Graaft is inhabited by the nobleſſe—theſe three ſtreets lie parallel to each other, and are the fineſt both in point of extent, as well as in the grandeur of the houſes. In the center of the city is a pleaſant grove of trees, called St. John's grove, from the church which it ſurrounds.

Without the Amſterdam gate is a garden well worthy notice; it belongs at preſent to a widow lady; it was made by a ſilk merchant at

at a vaſt expence; there are two coſtly grottos and ſome excellent ſtatues and vaſes by Jacob Creſcant, made in 1738, which are remarkable for the boldneſs of the baſſo relievo: Eſther and Ahaſuerus, Eſther and Haman, David and Abigail, David and Saul in the cave of Engedi, are the ſtories of the relief.

There is a very conſiderable kermis or fair here, in the month of July: the great church is then filled with rows of booths, in which all ſorts of millinery, haberdaſhers wares and trinkets are ſold. I had no idea where I was, till I looked up, and ſaw the black eſcutcheons covering the walls.

This city has been rendered famous in hiſtory by the union of the ſeven provinces in 1579, whoſe deputies met here, and framed that alliance, which was the original conſtitution of the United Provinces, and which was ever after called the Union of Utrecht—a place that will be ever odious to an Engliſhman, from the ignominious treaty in 1713, called the Barrier Treaty, by which Louis XIV. was ſuffered to retain in his adverſity, the ſame advantages which

which he had reaped from the Treaty of Ryſwick in the zenith of his power; by which all the trading part of England were juſtly exaſperated. For by the treaty of commerce, no higher cuſtoms were to be exacted from the commodities of France, than from thoſe of any other country, which in the end muſt have ruined our trade with Portugal, at that time the moſt advantageous to Great-Britain.

Pope Adrian VI. has added dignity to Utrecht by claiming it as the place of his birth; the humbleſt, the worthieſt pontiff that ever graced the Roman ſee. He was an eccleſiaſtic of mean family and no intereſt, but eſteemed highly for his learning, which induced the emperor Maximilian to appoint him preceptor to his grandſon Charles V. He afterwards was regent of Spain, and by the intrigues of the imperial ambaſſador, upon the death of Leo. X. was elected pope; though unacquainted with the manners of the people or the intereſts of the ſtate, and unknown to the perſons who gave their ſuffrages in his favour.

His epitaph written by himſelf ſhews the temper and diſpoſition of the man.

" Adrianus

" Adrianus ſextus hic ſitus eſt, qui nihil " ſibi infelicius in vitâ duxit, quam quod " imperavit."

But I am writing a letter, not a hiſtory, therefore leſt you ſhould accuſe me of pedantry, I will inſtantly conclude myſelf,

Sincerely yours.

DEAR

Breda.

DEAR SIR,

I Wrote to you yeſterday morning from Utrecht, which we left early; our mode of travelling is now changed in all reſpects for the worſe. This is not the country to go poſt in; for we were obliged to hire a coach and four from Utrecht to convey us to Breda; the diſtance is only forty-two miles; notwithſtanding which, we were eleven hours on the road, and paid five pounds ſterling for this tedious miſerable conveyance. The country for the firſt twelve miles was rich and fruitful, and extremely pleaſing to the eye; but when we paſſed the Rhine, over which we were ferried, the proſpect grew leſs agreeable, till we arrived at Gorcum, about twenty-four miles from Breda.

Gorcum is a ſmall town, ſurrounded with a rampart and a canal; the rampart is clothed with a fine verdure, and ſhaded with a double row of trees which make the walk delightful.

I ſaw

I ſaw nothing worthy a moment's notice, except a line over an alms-houſe, which breathed good chriſtian charity in true monkiſh verſe.

"Da tua, dum tua ſunt, poſt mortem, tunc tua, non ſunt."

Neither did I obſerve much appearance of trade, which ſeems to me extraordinary, as the Rhine runs ſo near, and the Maes waſhes the town. The paſſage over it in a ferry-boat with a ſail, is rather unpleaſant; the diſtance I cannot judge of, but we were above a quarter of an hour going over with a fair wind, which blowed rather too freſh for ſuch a conveyance.

The country on this ſide of the Maes looked very dreary; wide, uncultivated commons and heavy ſands were all our proſpect. On one of theſe commons, not far from Breda, the Prince of Orange had lately an encampment of ten thouſand men, which he reviewed in perſon. A few ſtakes and ſome ſods of earth lay ſcattered over different parts of the common, which we were told had been *forti-*

fortifications at the grand review; they ſeemed to be counterparts of our infantile amuſements on Blackheath and Wimbleton. We arrived here laſt night in time to take a little walk, while our dinner was preparing, for we had neither time nor accommodations to dine on the road; therefore we accumulated two meals by dining at ten o'clock at night. We were ſtopt at the gate on our entrance, by an officer who demanded our names, quality, &c. the firſt compliment of that kind we have been troubled with, ſince our landing on the continent; but the guards are ordered to let no ſtranger enter without being interrogated.

Breda * is the capital of Dutch Brabant, and is under the dominion of the States General of the United Provinces; but it ſends no deputies, neither is it under the control of any ſeparate province, but under the juriſdiction

* At this place the treaty between Charles II. Louis XIV. and the States General was concluded in the year 1667. A treaty inglorious to England, which concluded a war, wherein the two royal brothers were the only gainers; the king by pocketing the ſupplies granted by the commons for carrying on the war, and the duke of York by the preſent he had received from the parliament.

tion of the whole. The eſtabliſhed religion is the reformed; notwithſtanding which the greateſt part of the inhabitants are catholics. The coin is the current coin of Holland. The fortifications are regular, and the town is eſteemed the ſtrongeſt, except Bergen, on the Dutch frontiers.

This fortreſs is triangular, the ramparts are faced with ſtone, and ſhaded with rows of elm, which extend entirely round the town. At every angle there is a gate built of brick, the curtains are flanked with fifteen baſtions planted with cannon, and by fourteen ravelins. It is about two miles in circumference; the country round is marſhy, and often overflowed by the river Merck: the foſſe appears to be very wide, and the water deep; but the centinels would not permit us to be very accurate in our obſervations.

Near the market-place ſtands the great church, whoſe ſpire is three hundred and ſixty feet high, from whoſe top you have a moſt extenſive proſpect, commanding Antwerp to the

the ſouth, at the diſtance of thirty miles, and Rotterdam about twenty-ſix miles to the north-weſt.

In the great church is the mauſoleum of Engelbert II. Count of Naſſau. He and his counteſs are lying on a ſlab of black marble; the diſeaſe, a lingering conſumption, of which the count died, is moſt admirably expreſſed. Four figures, large as life, of Julius Cæſar, Regulus, Philip of Macedon, and Hannibal, ſupport a fine piece of touch-ſtone, on which are laid the ſeveral pieces of the Count's armour carved in marble. The arm of one of the figures, and the leg and foot of another, are tranſparent, and much admired. The whole, indeed, is finely done, particularly the dead emaciated figure, and that of Regulus; and moſt of it, except Philip and Hannibal, is ſaid to be from the chiſel of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

The Caſtle is quadrangular, ſurrounded by the river Merck, is of brick, and was built by King William; it is adorned with buſts of the moſt famous warriors and legiſlators among the Greeks

Greeks and Romans. Here is a very large guard-chamber, and two fine ſuites of apartments; but a great ſameneſs reigns through them; the rooms being either hung with tapeſtry or wainſcoted with Norway oak, on which there is ſome curious carving. The pictures are chiefly landſcapes very moderately executed. Here are two good pictures of Venus. The one repreſents her lying on a couch, and the three Graces undreſſing the god of war; the carpet is aſtoniſhingly well done. The other is a Venus plucking a thorn from her foot; ſhe is ſupported by Cupids; one of them, in tears, is highly eſteemed. Adjoining to the caſtle are ſome fine gardens, which belong to the States, and are public to the whole city.

There is nothing very ſtriking in the town; the houſes are old, but not ruinous, the ſtreets conveniently wide, not ſpacious; and one canal only, which, if I had not paſſed through towns crowded with them, I ſhould have held

in higher eſteem. Our coach is at the door, therefore till I get to Bergen-op-Zoom I muſt bid you

Adieu!

DEAR

Bergen-op-Zoom.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT Breda yeſterday afternoon in a coach and four, which was ſix long hours conveying us twenty-one miles over deep ſands and barren commons; about ſix miles from hence we paſſed through a neat well-paved little town, called Roſindale; the morning has been ſpent in ſurveying the fortifications of this place, for which purpoſe we roſe at ſix o'clock.

Bergen-op-Zoom is the laſt and ſtrongeſt fortreſs in Dutch Brabant. It is ſituated on an eminence in the middle of a moraſs, about a mile and a half from the eaſtern branch of the Scheld. The river Zoom runs through the town, whence it derives its name of the Hill on the Zoom. The town is ſmall, the houſes modern, being obliged to be rebuilt, the French in 1747, during the ſiege, having levelled almoſt the whole town. But the for-

tifications are ſo extenſive, that they require ten thouſand men to defend the works. We ſent a card to the Commandant, who very obligingly ordered a ſerjeant, and one of his own ſervants who underſtood French to ſhew us the fortifications; we wandered through the ſubterraneous paſſages under the ramparts, and were aſtoniſhed at the ingenuity of Cohorn, the great Dutch engineer, who added ſuch ſtrong works to the town, that it is deemed impregnable by *force*. The ſide towards Antwerp is defended by a half-moon, whoſe trench is ſtrengthened by four redoubts and by the river Eſcaut, which communicates with the ſea, whereby ſuccours can be brought to the town in defiance of the beſiegers—there are eleven forts between the town and the ſea, with a great number of redoubts and palliſadoes on the dyke. Under the ramparts are galleries of immenſe length, arched over, which extend to mines thirty-ſix feet beyond the palliſadoes, which are the outermoſt line of the fortifications. Such was its ſtrength, that it baffled two of the greateſt generals in the two laſt centuries; the Duke

of

of Parma, who unſucceſsfully beſieged it in 1588; and the Marquis of Spinola, who was obliged to raiſe the ſiege in 1622, with the loſs of the flower of his army. At length it fell a victim to Count Lowendhall in 1747, or rather to the treachery of the Dutch governor the old Baron de Cronſtrom, who ordered a captain's guard from the ravelin of Edem to another quarter, and left there only a ſingle centinel; the conſequence of which was, that, in a few hours after, the French made good their ground on that very ſpot, and forced the garriſon to ſurrender.

This anecdote I learned from the ſerjeant who attended us. He ſhewed me the very ſpot, aſſured me he was one of the guard, and ſpoke with that certainty of the fact, that it left me no room to doubt; though our Engliſh hiſtorians impute it ſolely to the blind ſecurity the ſtrength of the place had lulled the governor into; while Voltaire, like a true Frenchman, in his age of Louis XV. attributes it to the impetuoſity and ardour of the beſiegers, which ſurmounted obſtacles deemed inſurmountable.

We purpoſe ſleeping at Antwerp to-night, from whence I hope to ſend you a more entertaining letter. Adieu; may the beſt wiſhes of your heart be ſervants to you,

DEAR

Antwerp.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT Bergen ſoon after ſending your letter on Wedneſday, and on paſſing the gate, the guards did us the honour to turn out and ſalute. The ſame dreary waſtes and heavy ſands, which have incommoded us from Gorcum, continued till within a mile or two of this place; but I hear we have paſſed the deſerts, and are now to be delighted with the fertile plains of Flanders. The approach to the city of Antwerp is noble, by a ſtraight paved road, bordered with oaks. For theſe laſt two days I have made a toil of pleaſure, that I might reap the fruits of it on future recollection; at this moment I am weary and ſleepy, and my memory has not had time to digeſt what I have ſeen; but as I know not when I ſhall be more at leiſure, muſt give you the beſt account I can.

Antwerp is the capital of the province

whoſe name it bears, belonging to the Auſtrian Netherlands, and under the dominion of the Emperor. It is ſituated on the eaſtern ſhore of the Scheld, a noble river twenty feet deep at low water, ſo that ſhips of great burthen may unload upon the quays, or enter the town by eight canals, which communicate with the river, ſome of which are large enough to contain a hundred ſhips at the ſame time.

The city is much decayed from its ancient grandeur, though it ſtill remains a beautiful place. It is built in the form of a creſcent, about ſeven miles in circumference, ſurrounded with a wall and baſtions faced with ſtone; the top of the wall is a hundred feet broad, with a double row of trees, between which is a moſt agreeable walk. The ſtreets are well paved, very ſpacious and uniform; the houſes in general are ſeven or eight ſtories high, but old, and in that miſerable ſtyle of building which diſgraces the towns in Holland. At the diſtance of a quarter of a mile is the citadel, built by the Duke of Alva, to keep the city in ſubjection; it ſtands on the banks of the Scheld,

and

and commands at once the river, the city, and the adjacent country; it is built in a pentagonal form, with five baſtions, which defend each other, ſurrounded with double ditches.

To this citadel is only one entrance, which is over a draw-bridge. It is about a mile in circumference, and well ſupplied with arms, ammunition, and all warlike ſtores, with barracks for three thouſand men. This fortreſs has been of ſuch repute for ſtrength and regularity, that it has been a model for ſubſequent engineers; notwithſtanding which the French in 1746 took it in ſeven days.

The trade of Antwerp is now confined to very narrow limits, though ſo late as the middle of the ſixteenth century, there were two hundred thouſand inhabitants, two thouſand five hundred ſhips lying often in the river at a time, and it was far from unfrequent for five hundred veſſels to come in or go out of the harbour in a day.

The trade of Antwerp in the year 1550, if the annals of their city can be relied on, amounted

to one hundred and thirty-three millions of gold, without including the bank.

As an inſtance of the amazing opulence of the merchants, there is a ſtory upon record, of John Daens, a merchant, who lent a million of gold to Charles V. to carry on his wars in Hungary. The emperor on his return dined with the merchant, who gave him a moſt ſumptuous entertainment, and at the cloſe of it burnt the contract, by which the emperor was bound to pay him a million of gold, in a fire of cinnamon, which was the only fire during the repaſt.

The riſe of their trade was as rapid as the decline, and both proceeded from the ſame cauſes; at the beginning of the ſixteenth century Bruges was the mart of Europe, but the war at that time breaking out in Flanders, the merchants withdrew from Bruges, and were invited to Antwerp, as a place of greater ſafety, whoſe ſituation was happily calculated for commerce. But this did not laſt long, for the civil wars breaking out in the Low Countries, and Antwerp having twice been ſacked, drove trade to ſeek a more peaceful refuge in Amſterdam.

The

The eſtabliſhed religion is the Catholic; the language Low Dutch, but a baſtard kind of French is talked by moſt of the inhabitants. We lodge at the Grand Laboureur in the middle of the Mer-ſtreet, called La Place de Mer, which I had the curioſity to meaſure, and found it to be fifty paces wide. It is much the moſt magnificent ſtreet in Antwerp. At the upper end is erected a crucifix of brouze gilt, 33 feet high, by Goethals of Mechlin, much admired by the connoiſſeurs. We have been ſo fortunate as to ſee a grand proceſſion in honour of St. Rocque; the whole Mer was illuminated with torches, and many hundred people in proceſſion with flambeaux, followed by the Virgin Mary, precious relicks, the Hoſt, and an infinity of ſuch kind of trumpery, amidſt the chorus of voices, *ſerpents**, and trumpets.

There are a great number of magnificent churches in this city, full of valuable paintings, by the great Flemiſh maſters†. Among theſe the cathedral of Notre Dame has juſtly the

* Le Serpent is a wind inſtrument which is uſed in all Roman Catholic churches, where the voices are accompanied with muſick.

† A particular catalogue of all theſe is given in a pamphlet, entitled, "Deſcription des principaux Ouvrages de Peinture, &c." which may be had on the ſpot.

pre-eminence. Yeſterday I ſpent the whole morning there, and refreſhed my memory with a curſory view. To mention all the pictures in this church, which are worthy attention, would fill a volume, I therefore muſt content myſelf with ſome few, which moſt particularly engaged my eye. The deſcent from the Croſs, by Rubens, is juſtly called his maſter-piece; the poſition of the limbs of our Saviour is wonderful to behold; the varied expreſſions of the ſame paſſions in the different countenances of the weeping matrons ſurpaſs our imagination; all the figures are as big as life; among them he has introduced his three wives, his daughter, and himſelf.

The fall of the Angels by Floris ranks next in my eſteem. On the thigh of one of the fallen angels is a large hornet, painted by Quintin Matzys, the noted blackſmith of Antwerp, who fell in love with the daughter of Floris, and demanded her in marriage; the painter refuſed him, becauſe he was not of his own profeſſion. Matzys therefore changed his hammer for the pallet, and ſtudied under the Italian maſters for two

two years; on his return he painted this hornet, unknown to Floris, who by miſtake was going to bruſh it off, thinking it alive; he was ſo pleaſed with the execution of it, that he immediately gave him his daughter in marriage; Matzys was buried on the outſide of the weſtern door of the church, where there is a plain ſtone with this epitaph:

Connubialis amor de mulcibre fecit Apellem.

I cannot omit mentioning a picture by Michael Coxie; it repreſents St. Ann, ſurrounded with a vaſt group of women and naked children in attitudes the moſt pleaſing; one little boy at his mother's breaſt it is impoſſible to forbear looking at, there is that pleaſure and vivacity in the eye, mixed with an eagerneſs which nothing but the picture can give you an idea of.

This church is rich in marble as well as pictures, is five hundred feet by two hundred and thirty, and the ſpire riſes to the amazing height of four hundred and ſixty-ſix feet, and is eſteemed the fineſt in the world.

The Town houſe is a handſome ſquare building with a fine portal, which comprehends the five

five orders of architecture. Within are many excellent pictures, among which a game and fruit-piece, by Snyers, where is a baſon of mulberrries that cannot paſs unobſerved.

From thence it is a ſhort ſtep to the Jeſuits church; the façade is enriched with ſtatues and other ornaments, under the direction and from the deſigns of the great Rubens. This church is a perfect piece of architecture, if tried by the niceſt rules; it is lined with marble throughout.

The ſodality is covered with pictures, by Vandyke, Eyckens, Quellin, and other capital maſters; the ſpaces between the pictures are lined with the richeſt marbles; over the door is a much admired head of an angel in marble, by Quellin, which was ſaved from the ruins of the church when it was burnt down.

The room under the ſodality is well covered with pictures, which you will find worth your ſeeing.

In the church of St. Waldburge there is an excellent piece of Rubens's over the altar, in three compartments. The hiſtory of it is the erection

erection of the croſs; the diſtreſs in the countenances of the Virgin and St. John is ſtrongly marked.

The church of St. James is remarkable for its ſize, for the tomb of Rubens, who died in 1640, and for a picture of his painting, in which he has pourtrayed himſelf under the figure of St. George.

The Exchange is an oblong ſquare in the center of four large ſtreets; its ſize is a hundred and ninety-four by a hundred and fifty-four feet. There is nothing ſtriking in the building, but you will find ſome good pictures in the ſaloon, two of which are by Rubens; in one he has introduced his own portrait. At the end of the Exchange is a neat little Theatre, where plays are acted during the carnival. Here likewiſe is the School of the Academicians, where there are a great number of drawings, which have been left by thoſe who obtained the prizes. In the room adjacent is an excellent piece, by Snyers; the bird's neſt will point it out to you.

From thence we went to the Convent of the Carmelites;

Carmelites; in the church is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, with the roof arched, lined throughout with marble, and enriched with a ſtatue of the Virgin, in maſſy ſilver, ſix feet and a half high.

The Abbey of St. Michael is the grandeſt in the city, the refectory is covered with pictures, by Quellin, moſt admirably executed. There is a deception of a ſtair-caſe, with a fiſh lying on one of the ſteps, which muſt attract every eye. In the church is a grand piece, by Rubens, the adoration of the Magi, which he finiſhed in thirteen days. The apartments of the abbot are well worthy of a prince; I know not a more magnificent place. Such a profuſion of capital pictures, by the beſt Flemiſh and Italian maſters, with paintings to imitate baſſo relievo, executed in a ſtyle to deceive an artiſt. Having ſeen every thing that was curious, our valet carried us to the public Magazine, where we were to be regaled, in his eſtimation, with the greateſt curioſity in the city: you will be as much ſurpriſed as I was, when I tell you there was nothing but ſome paſteboard giants, thirty feet high, with whales and elephants of the ſame materials,

materials, which are carried in proceſſion through the ſtreets on grand days. I can ſay nothing of their women, for they entirely hide their faces with a kind of black veil; the better ſort wear long white cloaks, with the heads ſo large that their faces were effectually concealed.

From your Friend.

DEAR

Bruſſels.

DEAR SIR,

We left Antwerp Saturday laſt, at ſeven in the morning, dined at Mechlin, which is midway between Antwerp and Bruſſels; ſituated in the heart of Brabant, capital of the lordſhip of Mechlin, and was erected into an archbiſhoprick, in the ſixteenth century, by Paul IV. The prelate's title is Primate of the Low Countries.

Mechlin ſtands on the rivers Dyle and Demer, which are united before they reach the city. The Market-place is ſpacious, the ſtreets tolerably wide, but the houſes are old and vilely built; the fortifications are trifling, and incapable of defence. The cathedral, dedicated to St. Rombaud, is a fine Gothic ſtructure, in which is the Lord's Supper, by Rubens.

In St. John's church there are two pictures of great value; the one is the Adoration of the Magi;

Magi; the other is Herodias with St. John's head in a charger; the ſatisfaction which appears in her countenance, and the blood ſpouting from the trunk of the Apoſtle, are inimitably executed. Both theſe are by Rubens, as is the picture of St. John in the act of being thrown into a caldron of boiling oil. Theſe make three compartments over the grand altar.

In the church of Notre Dame is another piece, by the ſame maſter, of the miraculous Draught of Fiſhes. The attitude of the fiſhermen are moſt admirable; and their forms and faces ſo varied, that this picture alone would be a ſufficient proof that Rubens was no *Manneriſt*. The grand altar is of Egyptian marble, ornamented with a picture of the Laſt Supper.

The façade of the Jeſuits church is the moſt beautiful in the city; the inſide of it is likewiſe much eſteemed, as well for the pictures as for the elegance of the architecture.

The

The roof is oval, ſupported by two rows of ſlight pillars.

After we had ſatisfied our curioſity and appetites, we purſued our road to Bruſſels, and paſſed through the little town of Vilvorden, ſix miles from Mechlin and about the ſame diſtance from Bruſſels. It is a poor beggarly place, the certain conſequence of too many religious houſes, with which the town is crowded. There are draw-boats which go from thence to Bruſſels in about an hour and a half.

The whole road from Antwerp is delightful, a ſpacious pavement ſhaded with double rows of trees: with the addition of the river Senne running by the road for the laſt ſix miles, and the proſpect enlivened by neat villas and pleaſant gardens.

We arrived at Bruſſels in time to dreſs and go to the Theatre, which is much eſteemed for its ſize and for the elegance of its decorations. It was built by the Prince of Bavaria in the year 1700.

Some

Some of the boxes reſemble cloſets, from which you ſee the ſtage, but are inviſible to the audience, unleſs you chooſe to ſit forward; they have chimneys, and it is not uncommon for the proprietors of theſe boxes, who are the firſt of the nobility, to have a deſſert and wine for themſelves and friends. The French Comedy continues the whole year, and there are ridottos, concerts, &c. during the winter.

We have ſtayed here four days, and it is with regret I leave it to-morrow; the play-houſe, eſpecially when the actors are good, which they are here, is to me a great entertainment. There is likewiſe vaſt comfort in meeting agreeable people at the Table d'Hote, which we always make a point to dine at, wherever we are, for the ſake of improvement in the French language, and to wear off by variety of company that *mauvaiſe honte* which ſo ſtrongly marks the Engliſh. We live at the Hotel Imperial with a chevalier of the Teutonic Order, a French Abbé, a Dutch colonel, and two Engliſh gentlemen; add to theſe a Venetian officer, an Italian who has

ſerved

ſerved under the King of Pruſſia, with his daughter and an old duenna; the four laſt I take to be needy adventurers, but they add not a little to our entertainment.

Bruſſels the capital of Brabant and all the Auſtrian Netherlands, the reſidence of the Governor-General of the Low-Countries; is twenty-four miles ſouth of Antwerp, and thirty ſouth-eaſt of Ghent, ſituated on the Senne, an inconſiderable river. The ſcite of this city reſembles Guildford, being built on the brow of a hill. Its figure is oval, about four miles in circumference, ſurrounded with a wall and tolerably fortified; the Low Town has the benefit of canals, which admit boats of conſiderable burden.

The upper town is magnificent, and has lately been much improved by new buildings, and by incloſing a piece of waſte ground, planting it, and laying it out in walks.

It is well ſupplied with fountains, ſome of which are rather whimſical; for inſtance, the three

three virgins, from whoſe breaſts flow continual ſtreams of water: but to ſhew you that the male ſex is as charitably inclined, there is the ſtatue of a boy who ſpouts out water with moſt immodeſt aſſurance. The ſtream flows not from his *Breaſt*. It is called in the Flemiſh tongue *Mannykypis*.

The ſtreets are well paved and ſpacious, the houſes in general large and modern; owing to the bombardment of Marſhal Villeroy in 1696, which reduced the town to a heap of rubbiſh. The public walks are elegant, the ramparts extremely pleaſant, and the country round Bruſſels is moſt delightful to the eye, and extremely profitable to the poſſeſſor; for the land within ten miles of the city ſells at forty years purchaſe, and lets in general for three pounds ſterling per acre.

The churches are both in ſtructure and elegance far inferior to thoſe at Antwerp; they are moſtly Gothic. In the church of St. Caudenburgh is a picture by Rubens well worthy of notice. The Great Church dedicated to St. Gudula, ſituated on the hill near the gate of Lovain, is the

the moſt magnificent, but greatly deformed by two miſhapen towers at the weſt end.

The principal pictures are, Chriſt giving the keys to S. Peter, by Rubens.
Landſcapes by Coppens, van Hiel, van Artois, &c.
S. Peter penitent, by G. de Crayer.
Portrait of Mad. Schotten, by Vandyck.
Painted glaſs, by Diepenbecke.

Near to this church are the remains of the palace, which was accidentally burnt down ſome years ago, ſituated in a pleaſant little grove with ſome few deer, which the people pompouſly ſtyle the Park. One ſide of it is fenced with the ramparts. At a ſhort diſtance is the arſenal, which ſtands on the top of the ſtreet called Montagne à la Cour. There is ſome old armour in it of neither curioſity nor uſe; except an iron ſhirt, which no ſword can pierce; and a ſteel ſhield ſo finely engraved that the figures ſeem reflected from the poliſh, not to be etched in the ſteel: the niceſt touch cannot perceive the leaſt ſcratch; notwithſtanding which the figures appear

pear to be ſtrongly marked, when the ſhield is held obliquely.

Juſt below the Arſenal is the Palace of the governor of the Auſtrian Netherlands. The preſent palace is not more than half finiſhed; there was upon this ſpot an old one, which was bought of the Prince of Orange, at the time the grand palace was burnt, in which was a moſt capital collection of pictures, eſpecially of Rubens's, which with many valuable curioſities periſhed in the flames.

The ſtaircaſe of the preſent palace is very magnificent; the ſteps are of marble, and the baluſtrade of iron gilt, adorned with compartments of birds and beaſts, nicely executed in poliſhed ſteel by Trieſte; the ceiling is painted in freſco.

The apartment of the Princeſs is hung with the Bruſſels tapeſtry, which is brought to great perfection, though I think unequal to the Gobelins. The floors are all inlaid with mahogany and box. The Princeſs's cabinet

is much admired, being covered throughout with the fineſt Japan. The late Prince was a great mechanic, and had a cabinet of curioſities trifling enough, among which were two boxes, containing all the common trades in miniature.

In the Menagerie I ſaw ſome fowls, which were the produce of a very unnatural amour between a rabbit and a hen; they were of various ſizes; their breaſts and bellies clothed with white fur, their wings and backs covered with feathers without the plume, which roſe from the ſkin and had the appearance of wet feathers; they are all milk white as their parents; their ſhape in every reſpect the ſame as other fowls *. I ſaw the hen turned into the rabbit; the buck was amorous, the lady was not coy, and they gave me repeated proofs of their happineſs. The rabbit, like many other huſbands, has almoſt ſtript his wife of her clothing, having bit half the feathers from her back. I wonder not ſo much at this union, as I every day in England ſee matches as unnatural.

* This appeared afterwards to be an impoſition of the gardener, who kept and ſhewed a particular breed of chickens, which at firſt ſight ſeemed to have a plumage reſembling the fur of a white rabbit.

From

From the Menagerie we walked to the Mall, or as it is called, the Cours or Allèe verte, where the races are run; it is ſituated juſt without the town on the Mechlin road; this is the genteel place for airing both on foot and in a carriage. Here is a grand canal, with a mall on each ſide between rows of trees, without ſide of which is a road for carriages.

The Maiſon de Ville is a ſtone quadrangular building, with a fine cupola and a pretty Gothick front. Some of the apartments are ornamented with Bruſſels tapeſtry moſt admirably executed; Charles V. reſigning his crown to his ſon Philip, and an hiſtorical piece of Charlemagne, are framed, and it muſt be an accurate eye to diſtinguiſh them from paintings, ſo lively are the colours, and the features ſo expreſſive; in one part of the tapeſtry is introduced a curtain of crimſon velvet, which is ſo ſhaded, that it ſeems to be real velvet; theſe two pieces are hung up in the States chamber.

In the church of Notre Dame des Victoires,

called *du Sablon*, there is ſome good modern ſculpture, in the two chapels of S. Maclou and S. Urſula.

In the *Carmes dechauſſes*, is the aſſumption of the Virgin, a fine compoſition and deſign, by Rubens, at the high altar.——A fine figure of our Saviour, with S. Tereſa, and two angels, by the ſame hand.

There are few other pictures in the churches worthy of obſervation: as in that of the Capuchins, a Pieta, or Chriſt dead on the knees of his mother, with an angel and S. Francis, by Rubens, S. Antony of Padua holding the infant Jeſus—and, S. Francis at prayers: both by Vandyck.

At the Chartreux; the aſſumption, at the high altar, by Rubens.

The Duke d'Aremberg's is reputed the beſt houſe in Bruſſels, and is well furniſhed. There are no very good pictures in it, but many ſmall bronze figures after the antique, and an antique head of Laocoon in marble,

fine expreſſion. It has good gardens: one of them planted with flowering ſhrubs, and called *a l'Anglois*. In the houſe of the Prince de Ligne, is a good picture, by Rubens, of a dead Chriſt, with St. John and the two Maries; but nothing elſe worth ſeeing.

Near Bruſſels is the Abbey of Turvuren, a country houſe of the late Prince Charles. You paſs through the foreſt of Sogne, which is cut regularly, and thus yields a million of livres annually to the Emperor.

We leave this heavenly ſpot to-morrow morning to my great regret; but our time is ſhort, therefore we muſt away.

Adieu!

Bruſſels.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

Ghent.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT Bruſſels early yeſterday morning, and breakfaſted at Aloſt, a ſmall town under the dominion of the Empreſs Queen, ſituated about fifteen miles from Bruſſels, and the ſame diſtance from Ghent.

You cannot employ your time better while your horſes are baiting, than by ſtrolling into the great Church, where is a good picture of the martyrdom of St. Roque, ſaid to be the work of Rubens: I ſhould rather apprehend it came from Rubens's ſchool; for though it is painted in his manner, it is much inferior to the works of that great maſter.

The martyrdom of St. Ann is a picture too good to paſs unobſerved, and the figure of the Turk is excellent. The altar is neat; over it is the Lord's Supper in baſſo relievo, on Italian marble.

In ſeeing the church, you ſee every thing at Aloſt; you muſt therefore proceed with me to

FH
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

to Gand, or Ghent, where I arrived yeſterday to dinner, ſince which time I have ſeen thoſe few things which merit the attention of a ſtranger.

Ghent * is a large town, containing 70,000 inhabitants, with ſpacious ſtreets and regular buildings, ſtrongly fortified, but far inferior to my idea of the ſtrength of it: there are two or three canals run through the town, which contribute much to the beauty of the place, as well as to the convenience of the inhabitants. They ſtill ſhew the houſe in which Charles V. was born here.

The Abbey of St. Pierre is infinitely beyond any thing in Ghent; it is ſituated on a riſing ground, at the extremity of the town, and conſiſts of an abbot and thirty ſeven Benedictine monks. The refectory is ſuperb, and fitter for a palace than a convent; it is paved with black and white marble, and painted throughout in a very maſterly manner.

* This place gave birth to Charles V. in the year 1500. He was the ſon of Philip the handſome, Archduke of Auſtria, whoſe parents were the Emperor Maximilian, and Mary, the only child of Charles the bold, the laſt prince of the houſe of Burgundy.

His mother, Johanna, was the daughter of Ferdinand and Iſabella, king and queen of Caſtile and Arragon.

The library is equally magnificent; the number of books are very conſiderable; but I could ſee nothing beſides the fathers, councils, ſome of the claſſics, and a few dictionaries. The ceiling is painted in freſco, by Simmonds, and the walls over the bookcaſes are painted in imitation of baſſo relievo, by Gerard of Antwerp. From the windows you have a moſt delightful as well as an extenſive view of the country. In the church is ſome tapeſtry, held in great eſtimation, which has been there upwards of two centuries. It contains the hiſtories of St. Peter and Paul in divers compartments, moſt admirably finiſhed; it was the work of Croyer of Bruſſels.

The horſe in the converſion of St. Paul is the fineſt animal I ever beheld. Our Saviour ſtanding a tiptoe on a wave is the true ſublime, and is moſt happily executed. A king humiliating himſelf to St. Benoit is finely done, by Croyer; but the pride and vanity of thoſe idle religious appear for ever in their pictures, their tapeſtry, their writings, and their actions. Elymas ſtruck with blindneſs, has

has much merit; and a marble floor is as nicely imitated in the tapeſtry as I have ever ſeen in a picture.

In the church of St. Michael is a Crucifixion, by Vandyke, which is greatly valued; he has painted himſelf under the character of St. John. The dome is ſmall but well proportioned.

The abbot's houſe is moſt ſumptuous; the governor of the Low Countries always reſides in it, when at Ghent. The apartments are crowded with good pictures, but three by Rubens are moſt excellent; the one is Joſeph, with the infant Chriſt in his arms, the two others are the heads of old men. One room is hung with tapeſtry, by Oudenard, deſcribing the hiſtory of Don Quixote; the colours are lively, and the figures well proportioned, but unequal to the ſame hiſtory at the King of France's palace at Marli. In the chapel is a picture of King David on his death-bed, with his ſon Solomon ſtanding by him. This picture is done by Sartell.

The Cathedral is a noble old building, dedicated to St. Buvon, of whom there is a good ſtatue over the grand altar ſtanding on the clouds, which are ſupported by angels. Againſt the pillars of the church are fixed ſome tolerable ſtatues; and where there are vacancies they have painted figures in imitation of ſtatues ſo happily, that it is difficult at a diſtance to find out the deception. The pulpit is ſaid to be the grandeſt of the kind; it is of marble enriched with ſtatues, and has two angels to ſupport the ſounding-board. There is a capital picture of St. Buvon, by Rubens, in which he has introduced himſelf, his wife and family.

The monument of biſhop Trieſte, by Fiamingo is moſt admirably executed: the boys do not yield even to thoſe of Cardinal Richlieu's monument at the Sorbonne. Fiamingo's principal excellence was in boys and the delicate. He had the art of ſoftening and vivifying his marble to a ſurpriſing degree. In this reſpect he was ſuperior to Michael Angelo, who attained the antique only in ſtrong

ſtrong muſcular figures, not in thoſe of youth nor women, who under his bold hand grew Amazons.

The Maiſon de Ville has two fronts, the one in the Gothic, the other in the Grecian ſtyle, of three ſtories, adorned with Attic, Ionic, and Corinthian columns. There are ſome few fine pictures, as the Day of Judgment, by Rubens, and the Coronation of Charles VI. in which picture are five hundred figures, moſt of them taken from the life. But the moſt capital picture is Hercules between Virtue and Pleaſure, taken from Cebes's table: I could not learn the name of the maſter.

There is a neat little convent, in which the Engliſh ladies are immured: I ſaw a nun whoſe family lives near Worceſter, ringing the bell for prayers; her veil accidentally flew back, and diſcovered a face, which would have charmed an Anchorite: ſuch a girl ſeemed better calculated for leſs pious

uſes. I am juſt ſummoned to breakfaſt; as ſoon as finiſhed muſt quit this place and proceed to Bruges.

I am, yours, &c.

Ghent,

DEAR

Bruges.

DEAR SIR,

WE left Ghent yeſterday morning, in a large boat drawn by two horſes; this was ſtill more agreeable than the Dutch treckſchuytes, as it had an awning over the end of the deck, where you may ſit very much at your eaſe; below there are two ſeparate apartments, the one elegantly fitted up for the better ſort of people; add to theſe a kitchen, where they dreſs you a good dinner, at ſo much a head. I do not remember ſpending a more agreeable day, the weather perfectly fine, the view of the country delightful, joined to the converſation of a very pretty French woman, who was lively and good-humoured to a degree. We arrived here early in the evening, and ſtrolled round the ground; in our walk we encountered an Engliſh lady, who is married to a native of Bruges, by profeſſion a lawyer. She invited us to her houſe, and treated us with

with exceſs of civility, ſhewed us a ſmall but good collection of pictures, gave us ſome excellent wine, and loaded us with fruit from her own garden.

To-day we have ſurveyed the town more accurately; it is ſituated in Flanders, and belongs to the Emperor; indeed the whole ten provinces often paſs under the general name of Flanders, in the ſame manner as the United Provinces are called Holland. It is fortified, but ſeems of inconſiderable ſtrength; the ſtreets are wide, and the houſes tolerably built, but old; no trade, nor even the appearance of traffic to be ſeen, but remains a miſerable monument of its ancient grandeur.

The place for the grand guard is a tolerable ſquare, on one ſide of which is the Guard-Houſe, ornamented with colonnades, which have a pretty effect.

We roamed through many churches, but found very little entertainment. In the church dedicated to St. Salvator is one good ſtatue, and

and many bad pictures. In the cathedral they ſhewed me a *veritable* Rubens; it may have been touched by him, but nothing more; the picture is not bad, but you may judge of it yourſelf by looking over the great altar. In this church there is the picture of a dying man receiving the ſacrament, which has much merit. The Jeſuits church is a fine building, the iſles are divided by a double row of pillars, and the nave is ſeparated from the altar by a baluſtrade of Italian marble, moſt curiouſly wrought with many figures of birds, beaſts and men.

In the biſhop's palace there is ſome good tapeſtry, but nothing elſe worthy of notice.

In the Engliſh nunnery there is a very neat little chapel; the altar is compoſed of various kinds of marble curiouſly inlaid. The nun who attended us, had not taken the vow of encloſure, ſhe therefore was permitted to walk about the town on the buſineſs of the convent, a liberty ſhe by no means coveted, and if ſhe was ſincere in what ſhe ſaid, ſhe much

much regretted her not having taken the ſeverer vow.

The Maiſon de Ville is a noble Gothick ſtructure, and is a fine contraſt to the College oppoſite, which is a modern edifice of free-ſtone. Theſe two buildings, with a church and ſome well-built houſes, compoſe a very handſome ſquare. Bruges was much too melancholy to make a longer ſtay in; we therefore took a coach, which carried us to Courtray, a fortified town belonging to the Emperor. It is of conſiderable ſize, with a ſpacious market-place and good ſtreets.

The choir of the great church of Notre Dame is richly adorned with marble, the ſides and pillars being lined throughout, at the ſole expence of Menlenair, one of the preſent canons. Behind the great altar is the Elevation of the Croſs, by Rubens. The reſignation in our Saviour's countenance, the non-chalance expreſſed in the faces of the elevators of the croſs, with the grief of the other figures, are moſt beautifully contraſted.

The

The chief trade of the town is a manufactory of napkins; I think they are called damask.

We left Courtray on Sunday morning, and passed through Menin, the last town under the dominion of the Emperor. It is an inconsiderable place, and very indifferently fortified.

We entered the dominions of the French King, at a little village called Hallvin, where we were stopt, till we had paid for a permit to enter the kingdom. Unless your servant is in the carriage, he passes without a fee.

It is about eight miles from this place to Lisle, the capital of French Flanders, a place most worthy the attention of a foreigner, whether in respect to the strength and extent of the fortifications, or to the beauty and regularity of the buildings.

The town is surrounded with a treble ditch, the ramparts are faced with stone of enormous

enormous ſize, covered with cannon and full of mines.

The houſes are uniformly built, faced with free-ſtone, and ornamented with ſculpture. The ſtreets are ſpacious, regular, and well paved. The Rue Royale, which runs from the Citadel to the Market-Place, is perfectly ſtraight, is a mile in extent, and ſixteen ſteps in width. La Rue de Malade, which leads to Paris, is equally ſpacious. At the end of this ſtreet is the moſt magnificent gate in Liſle; it is ornamented with ſtatues; the arch is boldly executed, but the entrance is contemptibly narrow.

The Market-Place is divided by the Exchange, which is built ſimilar to our Royal-Exchange, but the cloiſters are filled with ſhops of all kinds. The Market-Place is a noble ſquare, ſufficiently large for eight thouſand men to exerciſe, which they do every morning directly oppoſite to my window.

They

They tell me there are fifty churches in the city; I have been in many of them, but find but few pictures of merit. In the chapel of Notre Dame de la Trielle, is a good picture of our Saviour ſcourged; the blood juſt ſtarting from his back is finely expreſſed. The choir is of marble, and the body of the church is ornamented with ſome wooden ſtatues excellently carved.

In the church of the Capuchins is the Deſcent from the Croſs, ſaid to be by Rubens. It is probably a copy of his famous picture at Antwerp, by one of his ſchool, but it is not equal to the maſter, neither can it be ſuppoſed that his genius would condeſcend to copy even a picture of his own.

In the chapel of the Recolets are three good pictures; but the Crucifixion over the altar, by Vandyke, is infinitely the beſt piece in Liſle. St. Antoine, by Rubens, in which there is an aſs proſtrate on the ground, cannot eſcape your notice.

In

In the Jeſuits church are no pictures, yet the elegance of the building is well worthy obſervation, and four ſtatues kneeling before the altar are of excellent workmanſhip.

In the church of St. Maurice is a good picture of St. Druon. A magnificent altar of marble and ſilver, is all that is worth ſeeing in the church of St. Auguſtine. The portal of the Dominican church is much admired.

In the chapel of the Carmelites is a fine pulpit; the ſounding board is ſupported by flying angels, and ornamented with ſome bold baſſo relievo. We obtained leave of the commandant to walk round the ramparts of the Citadel, but we were attended by a guard, who prevented our making obſervations. It is detached from the town, and is ſurrounded with a regular fortification, which appears to be of great ſtrength.

From the Citadel we viſited the Hoſpital, which is as ſpacious as magnificent; it is founded for the ſupport of old people and children,

children, all of whom are employed according to their ſtrength and years, in making ſhoes, lace, clothes, ſpinning yarn, and other manufactories, which require more art than ſtrength. In this Hoſpital is ſhewn a ſpurious picture of Rubens's; but had he lived till this time, he could not have painted all the pieces attributed to him.

The Magazin de Blé is a large ſtone building, and appears ſufficiently ſpacious to contain as much corn as the city could conſume in twelve months.

We frequented the Theatre every evening, which is far inferior to Bruſſels in ſize and ornament, but I think the parts are better filled.

I was much pleaſed with the play to night; it is called the Diſſipateur, in which were ſome fine ſtrokes of the pathetic between the honeſt ſervant and the ruined prodigal. The farce was a laughable thing, called the Sylphide.

We proceed to Paris to-morrow morning,

and,

and, by way of variety, intend travelling in the diligence, which is to convey us there in two days, though the diſtance is a hundred and fifty-ſix miles.

Adieu!

DEAR

Paris.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING recovered from the fatigues of my journey, I will catch the preſent moment to give you ſome idea of the places which lie in the road from Liſle.

We breakfaſted at Douay, a large, well-fortified town; the ſtreets are ſpacious, but the houſes bad. The church is an handſome edifice, with an elegant ſpire riſing from a ſquare tower.

From thence we proceeded to Cambray to dinner, which is a ſtrong fortified town in the province of Flanders, ſituated on the Eſcaut, which paſſes through it, famous for its cambrick manufactory. It has alſo a trade in corn, ſheep, and wool, which is very fine, and in much requeſt. The choir of the Cathedral is worthy of your attention. It is built entirely of marble, adorned with excellent baſſo relievo, in braſs, and the altar is enriched with much ſilver ornament.

Adjoining

Adjoining to the church is the Archbiſhop's Palace, an aukward old building.

Peronne was the next place we paſſed of any note, ſituated on the river Somme, in Picardy; it is called one of the keys of the kingdom; our baggage would have undergone a ſevere ſcrutiny at the Douane or Cuſtom-Houſe, if we had not taken off the edge of the officer's vigilance with a ſix-livre piece. We lodged at a little dirty cabaret, for it deſerved not the name of an inn, where we met with very indifferent accommodations, did not therefore regret the early ſummons of the coachman, but proceeded ſoon after midnight on our journey, in which we found nothing entertaining, till our arrival at Senlis, which is built on the ſide of a hill, and watered by a little rivulet, called Nannette. There are ſome ruinous fortifications and the remains of a caſtle, ſaid to be the work of the Romans.

The king was hunting in the neighbourhood, and was to return through the town to Verſailles in the evening. So careful were the-

the inhabitants of their *Grand Monarque*, that all the ſigns were removed, leſt peradventure they might fall on his royal pate. There were relays of carriages and guards, at the diſtance of every ſix miles, waiting on the road, which was covered with his numerous retinue. It had more the appearance of a triumphal entry than a return from partridge ſhooting.

The common fields on each ſide of the road were full of game, who enjoyed perfect freedom in this land of ſlavery, and were ſo tame, that they would ſcarce move out of the way of the carriages. We arrived at Paris by ſix in the evening, and had no reaſon to regret having travelled in the diligence; as by it we avoided the inſolence of the poſtmaſters, and ſquabbles with poſtillions, who, like the barren womb, are never ſatisfied, and ſay not it is enough.

In reſpect to our company, we had much reaſon to be pleaſed, having only three officers of infantry, an open-hearted prieſt, who

ſeemed to care very little about the hows and whens of life. Their behaviour was civil, and their converſation lively and entertaining.

After having diſengaged ourſelves from the officious impertinence of porters and valets, who ſurrounded us the moment we deſcended from the coach, and having obtained a permit from the ſearchers of the Cuſtom-Houſe to take away our baggage, we drove to the Hotel de l'Imperatrice, in the Rue Jacob, where we have an elegant dining-room, with two bed-chambers on the firſt floor, and a bed-chamber in the entreſol, with an apartment for the ſervant, for three guineas per week. I confeſs the lodgings are dear, but the ſituation is good, and the furniture magnificent. Add to this, that Mademoiſelle Brunett is young, ſprightly, and handſome, and her father keeps a number of carriages for hire, by which means our coach is always ready. We pay half a guinea a day for it, and a ſhilling to the coachman. We have likewiſe a valet de place, who goes

behind the coach, runs on errands, and cheats us when he can.

We generally dine at a Table d'Hote, where we find genteel people, and good dinners: the price is different at different houſes; but for forty ſous a head, which is twenty pence Engliſh, we dine moſt ſumptuouſly, on two courſes of ſeven and five, with a deſſert and a pint of Burgundy; when ten are ſeated, the table is full. We always ſup at home. We buy our wine of the merchant, and our ſupper is ſent from the neighbouring traiteurs.

Having thus told you how I live, in my next I will endeavour to give you a general idea of this ſeat of diſſipation, but cannot conclude my letter without telling you I called this morning on Dom. Le P----- des blancs Manteaux, a monk I formerly was acquainted with in one of the provinces.

He ſhewed me his ſtudy, which conſiſted chiefly of the Fathers, in Latin; he confeſſed his ignorance of the Greek tongue,

and aſſerted, that the Latin verſion, even of the New Teſtament, was better than the original.

Having rummaged over the duſty Fathers, he ſhewed me his holy of holies, which was a little cabinet, in which were the fathers of gallantry, Tibullus, Ovid, Petronius Arbiter, &c.

Here I found the original letters of Abelard and Eloiſa, with which was bound up an epiſtle from Foulques, Prior of Dueil, to conſole his friend Abelard *on his loſs*. The title of it is, "Epiſtola Fulconis Prioris de Diogillo," which concludes in theſe very remarkable words:

Chriſtus omnia, quæ perdidiſti, *multipliciter* et *mirabiliter* reformabit in glorificatione corporum in futuro beatorum; ac tum demum regula dialecticorum falſa apparebit, dicentium "in habitum nunquam poſſe redire privationem."

Had this conſolation been addreſſed to a Muſſulman, the mirabiliter and multipliciter would

would have been well calculated for the virgins of Mahomet's paradiſe; but that ſuch kind of comfort ſhould be adminiſtered by a prior to a monk, induces me to think as uncharitably of the purity and wiſdom of the Roman Catholic profeſſors in the twelfth century, as the Latin Fathers and obſcene authors in the Benedictin's ſtudy obliged me to judge of him to day.

Adieu!

Rue Jacob.

Paris.

DEAR SIR,

I MEAN to confine myſelf in this letter within the walls of Paris; and happy ſhall I eſteem myſelf if I can give you a general idea of a place, ſo highly ſpoken of by Frenchmen, and ſo much reſorted to by the Engliſh. It is ſituated in the Iſle of France, an hundred and ſeventy-ſix miles and three quarters ſouth of Calais, and one hundred and twenty-nine ſouth-weſt of Dieppe. Its form is circular and ſurrounded with a wall. The ramparts, or boulevards, which extend more than half round the city, are ornamented with four rows of trees, in the center of which is a ſpacious road for carriages, and on each ſide ſhady walks. During the ſummer-ſeaſon, theſe walks are crowded with the Bourgeois, and the road with coaches. On the edge of the walls are coffee houſes, and places of entertainment of infinite variety. Singing and muſick both French and Italian, dwarfs and giants, conjurors

jurors and drolls, plays and rope-dancing, with a thouſand other articles of merriment to amuſe both the eye and the ear. But Vauxhall ſeems at preſent to be the place of the moſt faſhionable reſort. It is a new building ſituated on the Boulevards, partaking both of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but far inferior to either.—There is a rotunda, about the fourth part as large as Ranelagh, decorated with luſtres, mirrors and pillars painted with wreaths of flowers. In the center, dancing maſters, impures, and children, amuſe themſelves and the company in dancing cotillons, minutes, allemands, &c.—This building is ſeparated from ſome other large rooms by a gravel-walk of forty or fifty yards in length, on each ſide of which is a piazza filled with ſhops finely illuminated. In the middle of the walk is a lofty maſt or may-pole, which men clad in ſailors habits are perpetually climbing up and again ſliding down; whether to entertain themſelves or the company I am yet to learn.

Theſe different ſpecies of entertainment continue and are frequented from five in the even-

ing till two or three in the morning.—The hard-working artizan ſoon diſappears, and the induſtrious tradeſman in an hour or two after makes way for the people of faſhion, who call midnight the polite hour for the humours of the Boulevards

Having mentioned the ſituation, let me endeavour to gueſs at the ſize of Paris. I have walked round it, I have viewed it from the top of Notre-Dame, and I cannot be induced to think, that it is more than half as large as London and Weſtminſter, including the ſuburbs. But I muſt obſerve that the ſtreets are contemptibly narrow; few equal to Drury-lane, the generality inferior to the narrow part of the Strand. Add to this, that the houſes are ſix or ſeven ſtories high, and hold many different families, which will account for the populouſneſs of this metropolis. Yet there is much ground unbuilt on; for the hotels of the nobleſſe have court-yards in front ſurrounded with high walls, and behind moſt of them are ſpacious gardens. The river Seine too, which nearly divides the city, branches off with little arms through many

parts of the town, and though ſmall in itſelf, yet upon the whole muſt cover a conſiderable extent of ground. Over this river are thrown thirty bridges, which add much to the convenience of the inhabitants, though but little to the ornament of the place. The Pont-neuf is the moſt eſteemed, which in fact is as pitiful as the river it is built over. This bridge conſiſts of eight arches; in the center is a large baſtion erected on a point of land, from whence the river divides into two branches; ſo that in reality this boaſted nothingneſs is two bridges joined together by a mole of ſtone. On the middle of the pier is an equeſtrian ſtatue of Henry the Fourth, very finely executed by Dupre; the horſe is particularly admired, which is by John Bologna. Almoſt at the north end of the bridge is a four ſquare building called the Samaritan, which is a reſervoir for ſupplying the pipes with water which communicate to different fountains in the city. About two hundred yards up the ſtream you ſee the Pont-Michel, which is covered with houſes; about the ſame diſtance down the river you have a view of the Pont-royal, the moſt modern, and in

my opinion infinitely the moſt beautiful bridge in Paris. But it conſiſts only of five arches, and cannot be put in any degree of compariſon with Weſtminſter bridge, even in point of elegance, much leſs in magnificence. Having mentioned the number of arches of theſe the two grandeſt bridges, you may have ſome idea of the narrowneſs of the river, which is made ſtill leſs uſeful by a number of ſhoals, and the ſand-banks in many places appear above the water. There is nothing to be ſeen but a few wherries, and ſome houſe-boats of the larger kind, fixed in particular parts for the uſe either of bathing or waſhing of linen. Theſe circumſtances induce me to look on the quays that are erected on each ſide of the river as things rather of ornament than uſe. I muſt confeſs, the banks being faced with ſtone, and the parallel ſtreets with handſome fronts towards the water have a very fine effect, eſpecially when compared with the banks of the Thames, edged with coal-wharfs and timber-yards.

Having ſpoken of the river, I will now mention the gates of Paris, four of which merit

merit the attention of a ſtranger, as they were built for triumphal arches to perpetuate the victories of Louis XIV. I mean the gates of St. Antoine, St. Bernard, St. Martin, and St. Dennis, which is much ſuperior to the other three, being ſeventy-two feet high, and adorned with excellent baſſo relievo, the one ſide repreſenting the paſſage of the Rhine; the other the taking of Maeſtricht. Within theſe gates are four royal palaces, in which neither the king nor any of the royal family ever reſide. In truth, the firſt I mention which is called the Palace, cannot accommodate a monarch: it is like our Weſtminſter-hall, and appropriated to the ſame purpoſes, for the Parliament, for the Chamber of Accounts, and for other courts of Juſtice. The paſſages or rather halls which lead to theſe different courts, are an object of curioſity, by the infinite variety of toys and knicknacks which are offered to your notice by the miſtreſſes of theſe little ſhops, who attack you as you paſs with now and then a word of Engliſh, and with ſuch an inundation of French, that a man muſt have more than

legal impudence to run the gantlet through ſuch a number of chattering females.

The Luxembourg was built by Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV. and mother to Louis XIII. It deſcribes a quadrangle, and reſembles the front of Queen's-college in Oxford, having a colonnade with a dome in the center, under which you enter the court. The firſt ſtory is of the Tuſcan order; above are the Doric and Ionic: The whole is extremely elegant, but the pictures within are the moſt worthy admiration, eſpecially the Luxembourg gallery, painted by Rubens, in twenty-four large pieces, in which this great maſter has compriſed the hiſtory of Mary de Medicis. You ſee theſe valuable pictures to very great diſadvantage, the gallery being too ſmall for their ſize, and the light is ſo bad that not even a connoiſſeur can determine on their merit. The picture which ſtruck me moſt, repreſented the queen ſitting in a chair as juſt delivered of her ſon, her face ſtrongly marked with the agony of pain ſhe had ſo lately undergone, mixed with a look of inexpreſſible

preſſible fondneſs for the child, on which her eyes are rivetted.

There are three other rooms open to ſtrangers, in which are pictures by the moſt capital maſters. Thoſe that more immediately attracted my eye, were a picture of Charity, under the figure of a woman employed in taking care of ſome little children, by Andrea del Sarto. This was originally painted on wood, which decayed, and Mr. Picaut took off the painting, and fixed it on a canvaſs in ſo exact a manner, that the moſt obſerving eye cannot diſcern that it was not originally painted on it.

Chriſt on the croſs, with the Virgin and St. John, and the Magdalen at his feet, by Rubens.

Cardinal Giulio di Medicis, afterwards Pope Clement VII. by Raffaelle.

The landing of Cleopatra, by Claude Lorrain.

Chriſt crowning the Virgin, by Lanfranc.

Portrait of a Woman and her Daughter, by Vandyck.

The

The Philiſtines attacked with the Plague, by Nicolas Pouſſin.

Jupiter and Antiope, by Titian.

A Battle, by Salvator Roſa.

The Miracle of Manna, by Nicolas Pouſſin.

Portrait of a Man, with his Son, by Vandyck.

The Martyrdom of S. George, by Paolo Veroneſe.

The Angel delivering Peter, by Neefs.

A Wake, by Claude.

Cardinal Ippolito di Medicis, by Titian.

In the Little Gallery.

The Rape of the Sabines, by Nicolas Pouſſin.

The Roman Charity, by Guido.

The Deluge, to repreſent Winter, a very fine dark picture, by Pouſſin.

Our Saviour driving the Money-changers out of the Temple, by Caſtiglione; and ſeveral other good pictures.

The

The Third Room contains the Pictures of the French School.

Among them is a fine Marine, by Claude, beautiful light as uſual, and fine curling waves.

But as there is a ſmall printed catalogue, it is not neceſſary to particularize theſe.

Great Gallery.

Tobit and his Family, with the Angel, a fine picture, by Rembrandt.

Jupiter and Antiope, by Corregio.

Timoclea before Alexander, by Domenichino.

S. Catherine dedicating herſelf to Chriſt, by Pietro di Cortona.

Chriſt in the Arms of the Virgin, Elizabeth, S. John, and S. Michael, by Leonardo da Vinci.

Flight into Egypt, by Guido.

The Infant Jeſus, the Virgin, and S. John, by Raffaelle.

And many more, but theſe are the beſt.

Theſe

These pictures may be seen gratis every Wednesday and Saturday, from four till seven in the evening.

The gardens are spacious, laid out in regular walks, well shaded, and very pleasant, but little frequented by people of fashion.

From the Luxembourg palace I must take you to the Louvre, begun by Francis the First, and continued down by different princes, but still remains unfinished. The grand façade towards the river can never be enough admired. On the first story is a gallery, formed with twenty-eight pillars, which sustain architraves twelve feet long. These are much esteemed, especially for the leaves in the chapiters. This front is of immense length, and has a noble effect from the opposite side of the Seine. The quadrangle at the east end has been repaired, and it was the design of the late king to complete this magnificent palace*. The apartments are given to artists of the first eminence to dwell in.

* Bethlem is built in imitation of the east front of the Louvre.

In

In this palace is the annual exhibition of pictures, which I have viewed with ſome degree of attention; but they are in no reſpect comparable to the performances of the Engliſh artiſts. In the choice of their ſubjects there is much imagination; but their colours are glaring, and inſtead of nature, you have only the tinſel of art.

This palace is joined to the Tuilleries by a long gallery, in which are preſerved plans of all the fortified towns in France, and of the principal fortifications in Europe. I have heard they are extremely curious, but they are hid from the public eye.

The laſt royal palace in Paris is the Tuilleries, begun by Catherin de Medicis, continued by Henry IV. and finiſhed by Louis XIV. under the direction of the great Colbert. The front is 326 yards long, having three courts on one ſide, on the other the gardens. The grand façade towards the gardens conſiſts of five pavilions; the centre is adorned with the Ionic, Corinthian, and Compoſite orders, with

with an Attic. The columns of marble are fluted, and filled up with olive-branches, which give it an inconceivable richneſs. The gardens are reſorted to in the evening by all ranks of people, where are an infinite number of benches, to accommodate the idle and infirm. Theſe gardens are laid out with the greateſt regularity, deſigned by Le Noſtre, a name more famous in France than Capability Brown's in England. The grand terrace is five hundred and ſixty yards long by twenty-eight broad, ſhaded with a double row of trees. It is parallel with the river, of which and of the town you have a fine view from this walk. The parterres are adorned with marble ſtatues of admirable workmanſhip, and round the grand baſon, at the extremity of the principal walk, are the four rivers perſonified, of coloſſal ſtature, reclining on marble pedeſtals, the whole moſt wonderfully executed. The Seine is by De Couſtou, the Loire by Vaneleve; the Tyber and Nile are copies from the antiques at Rome. Towards the bottom of the gardens is a thick grove of trees, which in the day-

day-time ſecures you from the ſun, and in the evening from the eye of obſervation; for as ſoon as it is dark, every ſpecies of indecency is committed under thoſe trees, far outdoing the Bird-cage walk, the dark walk at Vaux-hall, or Ranelagh gardens. All elegant as are theſe gardens, yet ſo little care is taken of them, and ſo little converſant are the French in cleanlineſs, that one walk, which is over-hung with a yew hedge, will give you ten thouſand inſtances of filthineſs.

Next to the King's palaces, the Palace-Royal muſt be mentioned, which belongs to and is the uſual reſidence of the Duke of Orleans. It was built by Cardinal Richlieu, and by him preſented to Louis XIV. who gave it to his nephew the Duke of Orleans*.

This palace is in the neighbourhood of the Louvre; its outward appearance does not

* The Duke of Chartres was born in 1664; he was the ſon of Philip of France, only brother of Lewis the IVth and Charlotte Princeſs Palatine; the title of Orleans devolved on him upon the death of his father Philip. He married a natural daughter of the King's.

give

give that idea of princely magnificence which you will find in all the apartments.---In every room you ſee bronzes in the higheſt perfection, copied from the moſt beautiful antiques; tables inlaid with marble, porphyry, &c. cabinets of the rareſt workmanſhip, china jars of extraordinary excellence;---luſtres of rock-cryſtal, and an infinity of things worthy admiration. But theſe are nothing when compared to the collection of capital paintings, which is infinitely ſuperior to any collection I have ſeen; and I have heard it advanced by thoſe who have made the grand tour, that it is not equalled in Europe. Among ſuch numbers I can ſcarcely tell you which I moſt admire, though I have been twice to feaſt my eyes on them.

The gallery, called the gallery of Æneas, from his hiſtory, in fourteen large pieces, moſt inimitably done, by Anthony Coypel, will attract your notice. This, like the Luxembourg gallery, is too ſmall for the ſize of the pictures, and is much out of proportion, being neither wide nor lofty enough for its length. The

falcon

ſaloon does the architect much more credit; this is covered with excellent pieces of the beſt Italian maſters.---I will mention ſome few in the different parts of the houſe, which gave me the greateſt ſatisfaction.

The Death of Chriſt, by Carracci, valued at ten thouſand guineas.

Tarquin and Lucretia, by Detroy.

The Murder of the Innocents, by Le Brun.

The Flight of Jacob, by Peter Cortona.

The Education of Love, by Corregio.

Mars and Venus tied together by a little Cupid with chains of flowers. P. Veroneſe.

The Death of Adonis: Venus weeping over him, with Cupid falling headlong from a tree in the back ground. P. Veroneſe.

Joſeph and Potiphar's wife, painted on copper; the varniſh is wonderful; by Alexander Veroneſe.

God

God the Father ſitting on the many-headed monſter, with his arms ſupported by two angels; by Raphael.

The Virgin with our Saviour and St. John, eſteemed the moſt capital in the whole collection, by Raphael.---This is a very ſmall picture in a gloomy room, therefore may be paſſed over unobſerved.

A Holy Family: The Virgin holding the infant Jeſus in her arms; Iſaac ſtanding by, looking on the child with an earneſtneſs and ſatisfaction that makes you almoſt forget it is a picture. By Raphael.

The Martyrdom of St. Hyppolite, with her face pinched with red-hot pincers; and St. Sebaſtian transfixed with arrows, with his hands tied to a tree, are two capital pieces, by Guido.

A Holy Family, but unequal to Raphael's; by Carracci.

St. John looking at our Saviour, who ſtands on a diſtant mountain. Carracci.

The

The Baptiſm of our Saviour, by Albani.

Alexander ſitting up in his Bed, with the Bowl in his Hand, his Phyſician ſtanding by him*. The intrepid confidence in the eye of Alexander, and the conſcious integrity that marks the countenance of Philip, force me to give this piece the preference to the whole. It is the work of Le Sœur.

Moſes ſtriking the Rock, by Pouſſin.

Cupid bending his Bow, with Two Little Cupids playing between his Legs, the one crying for being trod on, the other laughing at his Misfortune. By Correggio.

Heraclitus and Democritus, two large pieces, finely contraſted. By Hiſpanioletti.

Venus bathing, ſtanding up to the Knees

* Alexander being ill, Philip the Acarnanian offered to adminiſter phyſic to him; at the ſame time Parmenio wrote him word, that Philip was bribed by Darius to poiſon him. Philip attended the king with the potion, which Alexander immediately ſwallowed, at the ſame moment putting into his hand the letter of accuſation he had received. This is the ſtory on which the picture is founded.

only

only in Water, the Golden Treſſes flowing negligently on her Neck. By Titian.---She is indeed a goddeſs; for never was a woman bleſſed with ſuch ſymmetry, ſuch beauty. If you may judge of the man from the painter, Titian indiſputably had the moſt wanton imagination of all artiſts; for you ſee *nakedneſs* in almoſt every piece of his; but then it is ſuch nakedneſs that the eye of modeſty would not wiſh clothed. From one of the apartments a door communicates to the duke's lodge in the new Opera-houſe, which is adjoining to one end of the palace. No man but a Frenchman would chooſe to have ſuch a riot, noiſe and uproar cloſe to his very doors, which muſt be the caſe when the opera is opened; but it is not yet finiſhed.

The gardens belonging to the palace are neither very extenſive nor very elegant; yet from twelve to two in the ſummer ſeaſon, you will there meet all the beau monde. It is the faſhion; and nothing but the ſhady walk in the Palais-Royal gardens is reſorted to at that time

time of day, though both the Luxembourg and Tuilleries are infinitely more ſhady and more pleaſant. They are now built round with ſhops and a colonnade, to which there is a great reſort of company.

The Bourbon palace (Rue de l'Univerſité), belonging to the Prince of Condé, was built by his grand-mother (a natural daughter of Louis XIV.), in the Italian ſtyle, being only one ſtory high. It deſcribes a ſemicircle, with two large wings joined to it. The ſtatues of Minerva and Plenty, the architecture, and the view of the Seine from the windows, make it worthy to be the reſidence of a prince.

I did not think it half an hour thrown away in ſeeing the hotel of the Duke de V-----, ſon of the famous Marſhal, who gained ſo many laurels in Louis XIVth's time; but, as Hamlet ſays, "No more to be compared to him than I to Hercules"---laurels grow not in the barren ſoil of Sodom. In this houſe are ſome good pictures of his father's battles. But the gal-

lery is chiefly to be admired: it is almoſt covered with pier glaſſes of the largeſt ſize; the cornice and the ceiling all gilt in the richeſt manner; and over every glaſs is the picture of a woman, each in a different attitude; very pleaſing, though not perhaps ſtrictly decent.

Mr. Blondel in the Place de Vendome has a very capital collection of pictures for a private gentleman, which is much eſteemed, and is viſible to all ſtrangers.

I have now, to the beſt of my recollection, given you an account of thoſe palaces and houſes which are moſt curious. Among ſuch a variety of things which I have ſtill to mention, I ſcarce know where firſt to carry your attention; but muſt take you, I believe, from the houſe of man to the houſe of God: I therefore ſhall begin with Nôtre Dame, which is the cathedral, of Gothic Architecture, built in the form of a croſs, one hundred and thirty yards long, forty-eight broad, and about forty yards in height; the whole ſupported by one

hundred and twenty beautiful pillars. In the front of the church are three large gates, adorned with a number of figures in baſſo relievo;---over the gates of the portal is a gallery embelliſhed with twenty-eight ſtatues of kings of France. from Childebert down to Philip Auguſtus. The true Gothic magnificence ſhines forth in this portal, on which are two very clumſy towers; one of theſe I aſcended, and the very diſtinct view I had from it of Paris was an ample recompenſe. Immediately on entering the church, you are ſtruck with a coloſſal ſtatue of St. Chriſtopher, carrying the infant Jeſus on his ſhoulders. This ſtatue is twenty-eight feet high, hewn out of a rock; an odd ornament for a church. Here you find an equeſtrian ſtatue of Philip le Bel, armed cap-a-pie, as at the battle of Mons, which you probably will think as great an impropriety as the holy giant. In this church are many good pictures among numberleſs bad ones. In the choir are eight grand pieces, very finely executed, by Coypel, Jouvenet, La Foſſe, and other great maſters. The archbiſhop of Milan

giving the ſacrament to a woman in the plague, by Vanloo, deſerves attention. But the magnificence of the high altar is chiefly admired: it ſtands by itſelf in the center of the ſanctuary; the maſſive part is of Egyptian marble, carved in form of an antique tomb. The ſides are of porphyry, the front of braſs richly gilt, adorned with cherubims, and two angels of larger proportion, in the attitude of adoration, borne upon clouds, and ſupported upon a pedeſtal of white marble. In a niche is a group of four figures in white marble:---the Virgin Mary ſits in the middle, her arms extended, her eyes towards heaven; the head and part of the body of her ſon reclining on her knees, the reſt of his body is ſtretched out on a winding-ſheet; a kneeling angel, with wings half extended, ſupports one hand of our Saviour, while the other angel holds the crown of thorns. This group is indeed of admirable beauty.---In the treaſury are vaſt quantities of trumpery relicks, and ſome few valuable curioſities, among which is a knife, with theſe words on the haft: "Hic "cultellus fuit fulcheri de Buolo, per quem

"Wido

"Wido dedit areas drogonis archidiaconis "ecclesiæ Sanctæ Mariæ, ante eandem eccle- "siam sitas." This knife is the title by which the canons hold an estate of six thousand livres per annum. There is likewise a small bit of wood, with a Latin inscription, giving by it certain lands to the church. How easy, in those days (1094), was the transferring of property, when four inches square of wood answered the end of forty skins of parchment, and a carpenter could as effectually make a conveyance of an estate, as the first lawyer in the kingdom!

The bowels of Louis XIII. and XIV. are interred in the choir:---their statues are in marble, kneeling on the right and left of the grand altar.

As Nôtre Dame is remarkable for the old Gothic magnificence, the church of St. Sulpice is no less so in the Grecian style.---The grand portal offers to your eyes a double row of Corinthian pillars; above, are sixty-eight columns of the Doric and Ionic orders; to the right and left are two octagon towers: but this

noble front cannot be ſeen to advantage, by reaſon of the high wall of the ſeminary adjoining, which I hear is to be taken down to open the view; if not, vaſt ſums of money have been expended to little purpoſe.

In the inſide of the church the architecture is chiefly to be admired, together with ſix noble pictures, by Vanloo. The monument of Languet de Guerchy, Doctor of the Sorbonne, is happily deſigned: Immortality is puſhing away Death, who is in the act of covering the ſtatue of Languet.---There is likewiſe a fine monument to the memory of the Dutcheſs of Lauraguais.---The canopy over the high altar is richly gilt, and has a fine effect from the entrance of the church. There are two ſhells of uncommon ſize, given by Louis XV. which contain the holy water: they are called Benitiers.

As the church of St. Roch, (rue St. Honoré) is the next in beauty, it ſhall next be ſpoken of. It is a modern edifice, chiefly to be

be admired for the perſpective of four chapels. The view is terminated with our Saviour on the croſs, which ſeems from its ſituation at a great diſtance; a window, properly diſpoſed, throws the light exactly on the croſs.---The firſt chapel is dedicated to the Virgin, of whom there is a fine marble ſtatue in a kneeling attitude;---the angel deſcending on a cloud, and above are immenſe rays in gilding, which give a wonderful appearance.

In this church is a tolerable monument to the memory of that great philoſopher Maupertuis, and an excellent picture of St. Louis dying, by Ant. Coypel: you will find it in a little chapel on the right of the choir.---I know nothing elſe worthy obſervation, except the pulpit and the rails that ſeparate the choir, which are of poliſhed iron, and of extraordinary workmanſhip.

Now I am in the rue St. Honoré, I will mention two or three churches in the neighbourhood:---And firſt, that belonging to the

convent of Jacobins, which is remarkable only for the tomb of Pierre Mignard, the celebrated French painter; and for the monument erected to the memory of the Marechal de Crequi, deſigned by Le Brun.

But the church belonging to the Aſſumption, which is a convent for women, has many beauties worthy obſervation. It is built after the manner of the ancient Pantheon at Rome, which is now known by the name of St. Mary's.

A ſmall dome compriſes the whole church, which is extremely neat, and the cupola is well painted in freſco, by La Foſſe, repreſenting the aſſumption of the bleſſed Virgin.··· There are ſome excellent pictures round the church, among which, a Crucifix, by Ant. Coypel; the Flight into Egypt, by Le Moine, and a Holy Family, by Boulogne, have the greateſt merit.

At no great diſtance is the church of the Auguſtins

Auguſtins Dechauſſés, which is built in the Ionic order.---In the choir are ſeven large and exquiſite pieces, by Vanloo, giving the hiſtory of St. Auguſtin. Here is likewiſe the tomb of Lulli, the father of French muſic, whoſe name I have already mentioned in a capital piece at the Luxembourg palace.

I do not recollect any other church in this quarter of the town which merits attention: I muſt therefore take you to the other ſide of the river to admire the beauties of Val de Grace (Fauxbourg St. Jacques), which is indiſputably one of the grandeſt churches in Paris; it belongs to a female convent, and was built by Ann of Auſtria, mother to Louis XIV. The front is truly magnificent, with a grand portico ſupported by Corinthian pillars, and adorned with marble ſtatues.--- On entering the church I know not which moſt to admire, the pavement of marble in different compartments, or the vaulted roof of inimitable ſculpture in ſtone, enriched with a great number of fine medallions, or the deſign

of the grand altar, which is as ingenious as magnificent.---The canopy (on which is a crucifix) is ſupported by ſix twiſted marble pillars, fixed in an oval form, and ornamented with a gilt wreath; under the canopy the child Jeſus lies in a cloak, with the Virgin on one ſide and Joſeph on the other, whoſe looks are expreſſive of the greateſt humility, reverence and affection. Theſe figures are in marble, big as the life, and executed in a moſt maſterly manner. The dome is of juſt proportion, painted in freſco, by Mignard, repreſenting heaven opened: you ſee God the Father in the middle, ſurrounded by ſaints and angels; and Ann of Auſtria offering to the Deity a plan of the church. I look on this as Mignard's maſter-piece. In the elevated point of the dome, the view ſeems to loſe itſelf in infinite ſpace.

Almoſt oppoſite to Val de Grace, is the church of the Carmelites, eſteemed the moſt curious in Paris; of this order of nuns the queen herſelf was protectreſs.

It is a little gaudy chapel, decorated with a profuſion of gilding and pillars, painted in imitation of marble.---The ſides of this chapel are almoſt totally covered with pictures of the greateſt maſters; on the roof is a picture of Chriſt in perſpective, which attracts the attention of the curious; a Salutation, by Guido, is much eſteemed. The others are by Champagne, Stella, La Hire, and Le Brun, whoſe maſter-piece is the picture of the Ducheſs de la Valiere, miſtreſs to Louis XIV. who had the virtue at thirty years of age to prefer to the arms of a monarch this little convent, where ſhe retired when in the midſt of all her glory, and continued in it till her death, which happened thirty-ſix years after. Neither intreaties nor threats could prevail on her to return to the King; and when he menaced to burn the convent to the ground, ſhe replied, it would be a means of ſetting the other nuns at liberty, but that for herſelf, ſhe would periſh in the flames. Her picture is in the character of a Magdalene on her knees, her eyes red, ſwollen with tears, a drop trickling down her

cheek, looking up to heaven, expreſſing the utmoſt contrition and penitence, with both horror and hope blended in her countenance; her jewels lie ſcattered at her feet; the inſide of her left hand and her right hand and arm ſeem beyond the power of the pencil; and the picture, taken altogether, is one of the moſt capital I have ever ſeen.

In the ſame ſtreet is a miſerable convent of Engliſh Benedictines, conſiſting of eighteen members. I ſaw ſome of them who appeared not to be more than twenty years of age. In this chapel lies in ſtate that ſilly fellow James, not yet buried; for his followers, as weak as their maſter, think that the time will come when his family ſhall reign again in Britain; he therefore lies ready to be ſhipped off for England, to ſleep with his anceſtors in Weſtminſter-abbey.

The portal of St. Gervais (quartier de la Gréve) is worthy of attention, though it is ſo ſurrounded with houſes that you can have but an indifferent view of it. It is compoſed of

of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, and is eſteemed one of the fineſt pieces of architecture in Paris.

St. Genevieve de la Couture (rue St. Antoine) a church of regular canons, formerly belonging to the Jeſuits; but the King on their expulſion gave it to the royal priory of Couture. The ornaments on the outſide of this church are rather heavy and confuſed: the inſide is filled with monuments of fine ſculpture.

In the little church of St. Hippolite (faux-bourg de Marcell), in my way to the Gobelins, I found ſome very tolerable pictures. I looked in by mere accident, having never heard any mention of this church before.

The Holy Chapel adjoining to the Palais Marchand, is a ſmall Gothic ſtructure much admired, built by St. Louis. The windows are of ſtained glaſs; the colours remarkably lively, and infinitely ſuperior to the modern windows.

I do

I do not remember having ſeen any other church worthy your attention: I ſhould therefore conclude this long letter; but as the Sorbonne and the College of Four Nations are remarkable for their chapels, will finiſh with ſome account of them.

The Sorbonne was built by Cardinal Richlieu, in which are apartments for thirty-ſix doctors, who judge of the orthodoxy of publications.---But the Cardinal's intention was not, I doubt, ſo much the cauſe of religion as of vanity, to erect a building in which might be placed his monument. The church deſcribes a croſs, and is paved with variegated marble. In the center of the choir is the tomb of the Cardinal in marble, finely executed. He reclines on a mattreſs clothed in a looſe robe of inimitable drapery. Religion ſupports his head, while Science ſits weeping at his feet. The figures are as large as life, and it is deemed the *chef d'œuvre* of Girardon. The body of the Cardinal, with the mattreſs and the figure of Religion, are all chiſelled out of one ſlab of marble.

The

The grand altar is likewiſe of marble, over which is a celeſtial glory, by Le Brun. In the chapel dedicated to the Virgin is her ſtatue in ſtone, maſterly done by Desjardins, or Martin de Jardin, who executed the ſtatue of Louis XIV. in the Place des Victoires. You will find in a little adjoining chapel, a picture of St. Anthony preaching in the deſert:---he is ſeated in an armed chair; not a very common convenience in a deſert, nor a very proper attitude for a preacher; but his hair is gray, which is, I ſuppoſe, to be an apology for his ſitting. Coypel is the maſter, and the piece does him credit.

I have now only to mention the College of Four Nations (rue Mazarin), built by Cardinal Mazarin, and intended as a ſeminary for the education of children born in France and Germany. The front forms a ſemicircle, ſituated on the banks of the Seine oppoſite the Louvre. The building is in itſelf magnificent, but chiefly admired for the chapel, the dome of which is remarkable for proportion and

and the contour. The mauſoleum of the Cardinal is the work of Coyſevox; he is repreſented on his knees, with bronze figures of Prudence, Abundance, and Fidelity attending. There are three pictures of Paul Veroneſe; the Circumciſion over the grand altar is well preſerved; but the two others are totally ſpoiled.

There is a good library belonging to the college, which is open on Mondays and Thurſdays.

In my next, will finiſh the deſcription of Paris; at preſent

Adieu!

Paris.

DEAR

Paris.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPED to have brought the deſcription of Paris within the compaſs of my laſt letter, but there are ſo many particulars to be obſerved on, that I am afraid you will think this letter long, before I have finiſhed the catalogue of the places *a voir*, as the French term it.

I muſt begin with the Hoſpital of Invalids, founded by Louis XIV. for the accommodation of two hundred officers and three thouſand ſoldiers, who here find a tolerable ſubſiſtence when worn out with age and infirmities. This building conſiſts of five quadrangles of free ſtone three ſtories high, ſurrounded with piazzas and open galleries over them, which have a moſt magnificent effect. The greateſt curioſity is the dome of the chapel, the nobleſt ſtructure in the whole city. The grand

grand dome ſtands upon ten pillars of the Corinthian order, thirty one feet in height. Above theſe columns are the four Evangeliſts in freſco, painted by La Foſſe. The roof is by Jouvenet in freſco, exhibiting the twelve apoſtles, with the inſtruments of their martyrdom. The cupola repreſents an infinite number of ſaints and angels adoring the glory in the center, where St. Louis is offering his crown to God: this admirable piece of painting is by La Foſſe. The dome is ſurrounded with four others of inferior ſize but equal elegance; the pavement is of the choiceſt marbles, inlaid with wonderful beauty. The grand altar is ſupported by ſix twiſted pillars covered with gold, over which is a ſumptuous canopy. Before the altar is St. Louis, waſhing the feet of a beggar in embroidery of needle-work of divers colours. The pulpit is gilt in the richeſt manner; the pictures are indifferent; the Holy Trinity, by Coypel, is much the beſt.

From the Hoſpital a grand walk leads to the Seine, with rows of trees on each ſide. At

At a ſmall diſtance is the Military School, founded by the late king, for the education and maintenance of five hundred gentlemen's ſons, among whom, thoſe are to have the preference who have loſt their fathers in battle; at this place they are perfected in the military ſciences, who received the rudiments of their education at La Fleche, in the province of Mayenne.

Adjoining is the Campus Martius, an extenſive plain ſurrounded with a foſſé and treble row of trees; it is intended for the royal reviews, and can accommodate eight thouſand troops, with ſpace ſufficient to exerciſe them.

This is at the ſouth-weſtern extremity of Paris, from whence I muſt carry you to the ſouth-eaſt ſide, to take a view of the Royal Manufactory of Tapeſtry, called the Gobelins, Fauxbourg de St. Marcell, which is ſuperior to any thing of the kind. To deſcribe their method of working it is impoſſible. Inſtead of the threads being horizontal, they are perpendicular. The artiſts copy pictures, which hang before them, with the minuteſt exactneſs, blending

blending every tint with the various coloured worſteds, as eaſily as the painter can with his pallet and bruſh. They work on the wrong ſide, which makes it ſtill more extraordinary; an infinity of bobbins hang from the work, which they change as the picture requires, with the greateſt diſpatch. The deſigns are chiefly hiſtorical, and are done for the king.

There are many charitable foundations in this city, among which the moſt conſiderable is the Hoſpital General, which is ſaid frequently to contain ten thouſand people: it is compoſed of ſix diſtinct houſes, into which the patients are placed, according to age, ſex, and infirmity.

In the quarter of St. Euſtache is the Hall, a new building lately finiſhed, at the expence of the city, for the purpoſe of a granary, and, it is ſaid, can contain corn enough for a twelve-month. This building is circular, of free-ſtone, and has ſix gates, which front as many different ſtreets; it is ſurrounded with a circle of houſes, whoſe fronts are of ſtone,

all

all built in the ſame ſtyle of elegance and proportion.

There are only four ſquares in Paris, all inferior in point of ſize to Groſvenor ſquare, but infinitely more elegant, as the houſes are of the ſame height, and correſpond with each other.

The Royal Square is the moſt ancient, built by Cardinal Richlieu, to perpetuate the glory of Louis XIII. in 1630: it is ſurrounded with a piazza like Covent-Garden; in the center is an equeſtrian ſtatue of Louis XIII; the horſe is much eſteemed, the work of Daniel Ricciarelli; the king is by another hand.

The French ſay, to make a perfect equeſtrian ſtatue, Henry the IVth muſt be placed on Louis the XIIIth's horſe. On the pedeſtal, which is of white marble, are four inſcriptions in French and Latin, tending only to perpetuate the name of Richlieu, inſtead of recording the life of Louis the Juſt.

The next in priority of time is the Place of Victory,

Victory, built by the Duke de la Feuillade, in honour of Louis XIV. in the year 1686; the houſes are in the Ionic ſtyle, and deſcribe a circle, in the center of which is the ſtatue of Louis the XIVth, on foot, victory crowning him with laurels, and four ſlaves chained to the pedeſtal which ſupports the ſtatue. The ſides of the pedeſtal are crowded with baſſo relievos, equally beautiful and oſtentatious. The inſcriptions are in Latin verſe, by Sanreuil, the moſt bombaſt nonſenſe that ever diſgraced poetry.

The Place of Louis le Grand, or La Place de Vendome, was erected in 1699 to the glory of the ſame monarch.

This ſquare, or rather circle, is magnificent; the houſes are regular, adorned with Corinthian pillars and much ornament; in the center is an equeſtrian ſtatue of Louis XIV. on which the words "Victori perpetuo," are modeſtly engraved.

The Place of Louis XV. was erected in the year 1763; the ſtatue is by Bouchardon, a name

name in great repute in France; if his fame depends on this work, the French muſt be blind or infinitely good-natured, for it is moſt miſerably executed; the king is dreſſed in a Roman garb, on horſeback, and the pedeſtal is ſupported by the four cardinal virtues, which gave riſe to the following paſquinade.

Bouchardon eſt un animal,
Et ſon Ouvrage fait pitie;
Il met le vice à cheval,
Et les quatre vertus à pie.

The ſtatue fronts the gardens of the Tuilleries; on one ſide is the river Seine, on the other a very magnificent façade, in imitation of the front of the Louvre; it is ornamented with colonnades, pillars of the Corinthian order, ſtatues, trophies, &c. but it is at preſent a mere wall, there being no building behind this ſuperb front.

I believe nothing remains to be mentioned but the three Theatres: the moſt magnificent of which is the Opera in the palace of the Tuilleries:

Tuilleries: the ſtage is more ſpacious than ours; the ſcenes are admirably painted, and are let down from above, not ſhifted in our manner. The orcheſtra conſiſts of fifty muſicians, and I have ſeen in the grand choruſſes one hundred and fifty perſons on the ſtage. They generally act what they call *Fragments*, which are a ſtrange medley of dancing and ſinging, with detached parts from different ſtories: I confeſs they infinitely exceed us both in dancing and ſinging, as well as in the dreſs of the actors, and ſcenery of the houſe.

The French Comedy is the leaſt eſteemed of the three, which ſhews the vitious taſte of the people; ſince nothing is acted there but French plays, and thoſe of the beſt authors: neither are the actors deficient, conſidering the encouragement they meet with.

The Italian Comedy is much frequented; no regular plays are acted there, but little muſical entertainments, like the Padlock, or Maid of the Mill.

When

When this company was firſt licenſed they were to act in *Italian* only, that they might not interfere with the French Comedy. But by degrees they have introduced theſe *petits pieces* with ſpeaking Harlequins, who now and then ſpeak French, and often Italian, by way of keeping within the line of their original inſtitution. Nothing can be more abſurd than introducing a dialogue on the ſtage in two different languages; one ſpeaks in French, the other anſwers in Italian.

The Pit, or Parterre as it is called, is an inclined plane without a bench, which is always full of poor well-dreſſed people; I ſay *poor*, becauſe nothing but poverty could induce a man to ſtand for a whole evening wedged in ſuch a place.

You are never interrupted with riots and diſturbances as in England; for centinels with their bayonets fixed, ſtand in different parts of the theatre, who on the leaſt tumult drag out the delinquent, be he whom he may, and carry him before a magiſtrate.

I had almoſt forgot to mention the King's Cabinet of Natural Curioſities in the Rue St. Victoire, which on account of the greatneſs, as well as rareneſs of the collection, is well worthy notice. It conſiſts of various rooms full of minerals, foſſils, and petrifactions; of all kinds of wood in ſmall poliſhed pieces; of precious ſtones, birds, fiſhes, beaſts, and inſects, arranged with the utmoſt regularity. Among many curious things, which I do not recollect having ſeen before, were the bark of the American fern-tree, which is almoſt black, and looks like ſmall ſhells ſtuck cloſe together; the wolf's eye, a ſtone as black as jet, and reſembling in ſhape the eye of a wolf. The amiantes, a ſtone with which thread is made, and ſome ſea-cabbage petrified white.

An uproar in the ſtreet has called me to my window, which is of too ludicrous a nature to be omitted. A taylor and the porter of the oppoſite houſe were the diſputants. The taylor was linguâ melior, but blows ſucceeded words, and victory was declaring for the porter, when the taylor fell, but roſe like another

ther Antæus from the earth with double vigour, having armed his right hand with a ſtone, which in an inſtant diſlodged two of the porter's teeth, and concluded the combat; as I muſt my letter, aſſuring you that I am, my worthy friend,

Ever yours.

Paris,

DEAR SIR,

SUPPOSING you to be tolerably well acquainted with Paris, I muſt now take you to the places in the neighbourhood; but you muſt firſt enter into a contract with the man you hire your carriage of, to keep it for a month; that contract you muſt take with you, the expence of it is ſix livres,* a mere form, which does not bind you to keep the coach for a month, but it is done to avoid the impoſition you otherwiſe will be ſubject to, of paying ſix livres every time you go out of Paris in your carriage. Having obtained your contract, and hired your coach, I would adviſe you of a Sunday evening to drive to St. Cloud, which is two ſhort leagues from Paris; I prefer Sunday, the gardens being open on that day to all ranks of people; and the peaſants of the neighbourhood, and the Bourgeois

* In other words, pay ſix livres to the King's coach office, for a permit to go out of Paris in your own carriage, which will ſtand good for a twelvemonth, but you muſt always have it with you.

geois of Paris, who dance in all parts of the gardens, tend greatly to enliven the ſcene.

In your way to St. Cloud, you go through the village of Paſſi, delightfully ſituated on the edge of a hill waſhed by the Seine, almoſt oppoſite to the Champ de Mars; from this little town you have a good view of Paris.

At a ſmall diſtance is a hunting-box of the king's, called La Meuette, ſituated at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne; you will not ill ſpend half an hour in walking round the gardens; the avenues are very pleaſing, one is terminated by the Chateau of Madrid, built by Francis I. and is the model of the palace in which he was confined in Spain; and was ſo called to ſatisfy the conſcience of the King, who upon oath promiſed Charles V. that he would return to Madrid if he did not ratify the treaty; but inſtead of rendering himſelf again to confinement in Spain, by a jeſuitical evaſion unworthy ſo great a monarch, he built and reſided at this palace of Madrid.

In your road from La Meuette, you muſt paſs through the Bois de Boulogne, a royal fo-

reſt, full of game, and divided with avenues for the convenience of purſuing it. About a mile beyond this wood is the village of St. Cloud, ſituated upon the river Seine, ſix miles weſt of Paris. In the church is preſerved the heart of Henry III. who was baſely murdered by Jacques Clement, a friar of the Dominican order, in the year 1589.

Henry III. ſucceeded his brother Charles IX. who was brother to Francis II. in Henry ended the line of Valois, after a reign of fifteen years in civil war with the Hugonots, under the King of Navarre, and with the league under the Duke of Guiſe and his brother the Duke of Mayenne.

By virtue of the Salique law, the Crown deſcended to Henry IV. King of Navarre, the elder branch of the family of Bourbon, deſcended from Robert Count of Clermont, ſecond ſon of Louis IX. who, from the piety of his life and innocence of his manners, was called St. Louis. He died in 1270, and left two ſons with iſſue, Philip the Hardy, of the houſe of Valois, and Robert Count of Clermont,

mont, of the Houſe of Bourbon. The poſterity of Philip reigned three hundred and nineteen years. After the reign of thirteen kings, the Crown devolved by inheritance to Louis XII. who was ſucceeded by his ſon Francis I. and from him the Crown devolved to his ſon Henry II. the father of Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III.

The Palace of St. Cloud belongs to the Duke of Orleans, is ſituated on the declivity of a mountain waſhed by the Seine; on the right are the gardens, on the left the town. The view from the houſe is delightful; the Seine meandering through the vale, which you catch in many different points of view; you look over the Bois de Boulogne, which is a beautiful wood, and the city of Paris terminates the proſpect. On Sundays and feſtivals the houſe is open to all the world; the rooms conſequently are dirty, and the little furniture you ſee far from elegant. The gallery is a noble apartment, and the ſtatues and paintings in it are well preſerved. The paintings are chiefly by Mignard.

The gardens are laid out with much art; the river Seine forms a fine canal at the extremity of the gardens, on the edge of which is a terrace planted with rows of trees. The whole is ornamented with ſtatues, groves, viſtas and caſcades. There is one jet d'eau, which throws up the water eighty feet. This is in a little bottom ſurrounded with lofty trees; and the water playing above the tops of them has a very pretty effect.

In theſe gardens are temporary ſtalls for the ſale of ribbands, toys, cakes, fruit, &c. with moveable pamphlet ſhops, where (this being a privileged place) you may buy books, which are either from their immorality or irreligion prohibited elſewhere.

The grand entrance to the Palace, from the ſituation of the hill, is obliged to be oblique, which takes off from the magnificence. This is indeed a defect which could not eaſily be obviated; but I have never ſeen a place in France without ſome glaring abſurdity. Here you ſee a palace which ſpeaks the magnificence of a prince, and a little baſon of water in the

the grand court, not large enough for a duck to ſwim in.

Your next trip may be to St. Denis, which is ſix ſhort miles from Paris, on a level pavement with a mall on each ſide ſhaded with a double row of trees; the road is ſo ſtraight that you can ſee from one end of the avenue to the other; St. Denis church terminates the view one way, the Fauxbourgs of Paris the other.

The church and the Benedictine convent are the only things worthy your attention. The church was begun by king Pepin, and has been much altered and enlarged by ſucceſſive monarchs, which give a patch work appearance to the outſide. The gates are of braſs embelliſhed with figures, and much admired for their antiquity. The windows are painted, which gives a gloomy ſolemnity to this manſion of kings. The nave is a much admired piece of Gothic architecture. I cannot ſay that I ſaw any thing either curious or magnificent in the tombs. Some had nothing but antiquity to recommend them, others

were remarkable only for the greatneſs of the names they were intended to perpetuate; among which was the monument of Marſhal Turenne with Charity pouring money from an urn.

The Convent of the Benedictines is a modern edifice of free-ſtone, and is one of the grandeſt I have ſeen. The gardens are extenſive, with ſhady walks and pleaſing proſpects.

The treaſures of the Abbey, if the jewels are not fictitious, muſt be immenſe, excluſive of ſaints bones, apoſtles fingers, pieces of the real croſs, and ſuch like trumpery, which ſuperſtition would purchaſe at a very high rate.

There are ſome antiques which merit the greateſt attention; eſpecially the buſt which is of Tiberius on an onyx, larger than a crown piece. The laurel wreath is of the fineſt auburn, the other parts of the ſtone as white as ſnow.

A piece

A piece of rock cryſtal in an oval ſhape, ſeven inches by four, on which is engraved our Saviour upon the croſs, with Mary Magdalene and the other Mary weeping on their knees; this is ſet in gold and adorned with jewels. But the greateſt curioſity is an oriental agate made into a cup, which contains above a pint; it has two handles, which are parts of the ſame ſtone. The Bacchanals are repreſented on the outſide in baſſo relievo, executed with a degree of boldneſs to be equalled only by the ancients; many parts of the figures ſtand out free from the ſide of the vaſe. It is ſuppoſed to be two thouſand years old, and to have belonged to Ptolemy Philadelphus.

You muſt now proceed with me to Verſailles, four leagues diſtant from Paris, built by Louis XIV. with more expence than judgment, on an artificial eminence in a ſwampy valley. You arrive at it by a grand avenue of four rows of trees, the middle walk of which is fifty yards wide. At the end of this avenue,

were remarkable only for the greatneſs of the names they were intended to perpetuate; among which was the monument of Marſhal Turenne with Charity pouring money from an urn.

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on the right and left are the ſtables in form of a creſcent, moſt magnificently built, fronting the palace, at the diſtance of a quarter of a mile; there are ſtables for five hundred horſes, but the inſide is dark and gloomy, and the ſtalls are divided only by a bail, which is hung too low to be uſeful, and gives a mean appearance to the whole. The horſes, as well for the field as for draught, are chiefly Engliſh.

From hence you come to the Parade, well lined with the Dutch and Swiſs guards; you then enter the firſt court, and by an eaſy aſcent proceed to a ſmaller, through which you paſs on to a third, which is paved with black and white marble, having a fountain and a marble baſon in the center. On each ſide of theſe courts are grand pavilions falling back like the garden front of New College in Oxford, but with a greater number of wings. The roof of the chapel appears above the other buildings, which deſtroys the uniformity of the view; and ſome part of the walls are built of brick, which is diſguſting to the eye, and diminiſhes

the grandeur of this amazing pile of building.

The front towards the gardens is wonderfully magnificent, adorned with trophies, buſts, ſtatues, and all the ornaments which ſculpture could deviſe. Its whole extent is ſix hundred yards; in the center of the building is a grand portico a hundred yards in length, ſupported by marble pillars of exquiſite workmanſhip.

You enter the apartments by a marble ſtaircaſe, ten yards wide, which is as dirty as an alehouſe kitchen; and what is very extraordinary, on the landing place are two or three little ſtalls, where ſnuff-boxes and toys are publickly ſold: having eſcaped the civility and importunity of theſe pedling merchants, you paſs through a ſuite of rooms, where are the ſoldiers and officers of the guard, into the grand gallery, called Le Brun's gallery; from his having painted on the ceiling the moſt memorable actions of Louis XIV. from the

the Pyrenean treaty* to the peace of †Nimeguen.

It is ſeventy-two yards in length, with ſeventeen windows fronting the gardens, the ſame number of looking-glaſſes on the other ſide correſponding with the windows; the interſtices are filled with ſtatues, ſome of which are real antiques; of thoſe, Diana and Germanicus are the moſt ſtriking.

The Chapel would be as elegant as ſuperb, were it not that the windows are plain glaſs, the outer edges excepted, which are moſt tawdrily bedecked with yellow flower de luces.

There is an infinite number of pictures by the beſt hands, but the apartments are in ge-

* The peace of the Pyrenees was concluded between France and Spain in 1659, during the protectorſhip of Richard Cromwell.

† The grand contracting powers at Nimeguen in 1677, were Louis XIV. Charles II. and King William, then Prince of Orange. Spain and Sweden had plenipotentiaries there, but were not principals in the treaty.

neral

neral ſo gloomy, that you ſee them with little ſatisfaction.

The family of Darius at Alexander's feaſt, by Le Brun, is in the marble ſaloon, at the end of which is painted the Apotheoſis of Hercules, by Le Moine, in which piece are a hundred and forty figures.

St. Michael and the Devil, by Raphael.

St. Sebaſtian, by Vandyke.

Hercules on the funeral pile; Hercules fighting the Hydra, and the Centaur and Dejanira, by Guido.

Theſe were the pictures which moſt pleaſed me. In the Hall of Venus is an antique ſtatue of Cincinnatus, which ought to be ſtudied, the better to judge of the great inferiority of the moderns.

Some part of the furniture is amazingly rich; as golden candleſticks, a chandelier of rock cryſtal, which can be penetrated only by

by a diamond, and a golden clock of curious mechaniſm; before it ſtrikes the hour, two cocks clap their wings and crow, two folding doors fly open, and the ſtatue of Louis XIV. comes forward, an angel deſcends and crowns him, the clock ſtrikes, the angel retires in a flying attitude, the king withdraws, the doors cloſe, and the ſhow is over. All the figures are of ſolid gold, and the ſtatue of the King is a model of his ſtatue in the Place des Victoires, with the viro immortali on the pedeſtal and the conquered kingdoms chained beneath his feet.

The apartments are dirty, which cannot be wondered at, when you are told that all the world rove about the palace at pleaſure: I went from room to room as my choice directed me, into the king's bed-chamber, dreſſing room, &c. in all of which were numbers of people, and many but indifferently clad. But theſe are the little privileges for which the people have bartered their liberties; and I doubt not but an order to prohibit any one's entering

entering the palace, as is the caſe at Buckingham Houſe, would raiſe as great a tumult among them, as with us the annihilating the trial by jury, or any other great conſtitutional law.

Having ſtayed in the palace as long as you pleaſe, you may walk into the gardens with as little moleſtation, where you will find as much to admire; there is ſuch a profuſion of water, ſtatues, water-works and marble, that the eye is ſated with magnificence. Oppoſite to the center of the palace is a canal ſixteen hundred yards long, on which are many pleaſure-boats; in another point of view you ſee the orangery, which covers at leaſt one acre of ground, the trees large and full of fruit, planted in tubs, which, when the ſevere weather comes on, are removed into vaults deſigned for that purpoſe.

As you ſtand above the orangery you will be ſtruck with a moſt beautiful amphitheatre, formed by trees riſing one above the other; beyond which is a ſpacious piece of water. All the ſteps, nay, the baſons and edges of the canals

canals and reſervoirs are entirely of marble. Statues in every part, of aſtoniſhing beauty, but all the male ſtatues are mutilated, by the expreſs order of the late Queen; they, like our firſt parents, were naked and not aſhamed; but the Queen having taſted of the tree of knowledge, ordered the ſtatues to be unmanned, and the defects to be concealed with fig-leaves.

The moſt beautiful ſtatues are oppoſite to the front of the houſe beyond the firſt baſon. Caſtor and Pollux: Milo of Crotona, with one hand in the cleft of a tree, while a lion is faſtening on his buttocks; but in this is a palpable defect; his legs are very properly ſet againſt the root of the tree, his knees ſtraightened, his body leaning back, as endeavouring to extricate his hand, the arm of which by a ſtrange overſight is in a bent poſition.

Perſeus delivering Andromeda; the dying Gladiator ſupporting himſelf with one hand on the ground, the other elbow leaning on his thigh,

thigh, with drops of blood iſſuing from his ſide; this is, in my opinion, the fineſt figure in the gardens.

An Apollo Belvidere, a dying Cleopatra, and the Rape of Proſerpine encloſed with arcades of marble, which is called the colonnade.

The Baths of Apollo are moſt juſtly admired, where Louis XIV. is repreſented under the character of Apollo, attended by his ſix favourite miſtreſſes; on each ſide is a group, conſiſting of a man preventing a horſe from drinking in the baſon below; the thirſt of the horſe is moſt naturally expreſſed, his knees bent, his head and neck extended, his noſe puſhed forwards, as endeavouring to ſuck up the water which he cannot reach.

In one part of the gardens is a thick labyrinth, in which are interſperſed the fables of Æſop caſt in lead, which are contrived to ſpout out water in a thouſand different ſhapes.

The

The two Kellers, Marſi, Bernini, Girardon, Tuby, and Dominic Gendi, executed the chief of the figures for the water-works. The baſon of Neptune is infinitely ſuperior in magnificence to the other water-works; it is on the right-hand of the garden front.

There is a jet d'eau that riſes ſeventy-eight feet, which ſpouts out of the mouth of Enceladus oppreſſed by the weight of a mountain.

At the extremity of the gardens on the right of the grand canal is the beautiful little palace of Trianon, built in the Italian taſte, only one ſtory high, but entirely of marble; the front extends a hundred and twenty yards, and the wings are joined by a colonnade formed of twenty-two marble pillars, adorned with ſculpture, and the entablature is embelliſhed with ſtatues. There are few things within the houſe which merit particular obſervation. They ſhew you a porphyry table, ſaid to be the beſt in Europe; there is likewiſe a good map of France deſcribed on a table, by being inlaid with different coloured marbles; and another marble table, on which is a butterfly inlaid ſo naturally, and the colours ſo rich, that it requires a nice eye to avoid being deceived.

Ther

There are two excellent pictures; the one of the Count de Thoulouſe, baſtard of Louis XIV. in the character of a ſleeping Cupid, by Mignard; the other is St. Louis kneeling, by Coypel.

If I had not juſt ſeen the gardens of Verſailles, I ſhould have admired the water-works and ſtatues here; notwithſtanding which I cannot help being ſtruck with Laocoon and his ſons, a noble group, copied from the antique, by Tuby.

Within a ſtone's throw of this palace, the late King built another, called Little Trianon, neither ſo elegant nor magnificent; but it ſeemed to be the foible of the late monarch to waſte his treaſures on his miſtreſſes and buildings, though he was too old for the one, and had no taſte for the other.

It is a pleaſant walk of three ſhort miles from Trianon to Marli, in which you will probably ſee more game than you ever ſaw in England.

Juſt within the gardens is the houſe of the Swiſs,

Swiſs, where you may get a good dinner and tolerable wine, which, if you pleaſe, they will ſerve up in any part of the gardens.

The houſe was built by Louis XIV. after the deſign of the celebrated Manſart; the ſituation is in the boſom of a vale, on each ſide are ſix pavilions, of two rooms each, almoſt hid by the trees; theſe are deſtined for the reception of the princes of the blood and the great officers of ſtate, during the king's reſidence here, which is generally for ſix weeks in the year. The octagon hall is the only room in the houſe that looks princely, though the whole is built in an admirable taſte.

There are ſome fine pictures, by Vandermeulen, repreſenting the ſieges of Maeſtricht, Cambray, &c.

The other pictures have no great merit; but the hiſtory of Don Quixote in the Gobelin tapeſtry, exceeds moſt pictures, as well in the juſtneſs of the figures as livelineſs of the colours.

The face of the fat cook in the red night-cap laughing at Don Quixote for breaking the

the puppets, and the archneſs of Sancho's countenance when laughing at Mambrino's helmet, are inimitable, as is the tail of a peacock over the door of Madam Adelaide's apartment.

The gardens are enchanting; the ſcenes picturesque; the water-works magnificent; the ſtatues in general excellent, but two or three which ſurpaſs deſcription.

The Venus de Medicis, with Cupid aſtride a dolphin, near the houſe of the Swiſs at the end of the avenue.

Behind the ſecond pavilion on the left of the houſe, is a group of two children and a goat, in Italian marble, by Sarazins, worth coming from England to ſee. One boy is repreſented ſitting on the goat and holding him by the horn, with a laughing countenance, while the other, all attention, is cramming a cluſter of grapes into the mouth of the goat, who ſeems pleaſed with the deliciouſneſs of the fruit, but angry at the rough manner in which it is given.

Near

Near this is the celebrated ſtatue of Venus aux belles Feſſes; ſhe is looking over her ſhoulder at her buttocks, which are uncovered; ſuch grace, ſuch ſymmetry, and elegant proportion, could only live in the ſculpture's imagination, for neither woman or goddeſs were ever half ſo admirably formed. The drapery is equally to be admired.

Both the palaces and gardens of Marli and Verſailles are furniſhed with water by a vaſt machine fixed on a branch of the Seine, about midway between Marli and St. Germains: juſt above Marli is a large reſervoir, with an aqueduct, between ſix and ſeven hundred yards in length, built of free-ſtone and ſupported by arcades; from hence the water is conveyed in large iron pipes of about fourteen inches diameter, to the reſervoir at Verſailles.

It will be worth the trouble to walk down to the river, and trace the pipes to their ſource. The Chevalier de Ville was the inventor; the firſt expence muſt have been enormous; the repairs are ſaid to amount to twenty-five thouſand pounds annually;

annually; I verily believe that Mr. Brindley would, for that ſum, contract to convey the water to thoſe palaces, we are ſo infinitely ſuperior in the mechanical arts. This machine raiſes ſix hundred cubical inches of water to the height of three hundred and ſixty feet: as I am not an adept in drawing, and as it is almoſt impoſſible to make you comprehend it without a plate of it, your curioſity muſt remain ungratified till I have the pleaſure of explaining it in perſon.

It is not above two miles from thence to the palace of St. Germains, which is ſituated on a mountain twelve miles diſtant from Paris. Had Louis XIV. expended half the treaſure in erecting a palace there, which he did at Verſailles, it muſt have been ſuperior to any thing in Europe: there is a lofty mountain at St. Germains, waſhed by the river Seine, looking over a delightful country to Paris: Mount Calvary, St. Denis, and a vaſt reach of the river are comprehended in one view; a foreſt of ſix thouſand acres adjoins to the palace, and a grand terrace of three thouſand paces, which overlooks the

whole country. This is the ſituation of St. Germains, which Louis XIV. had not ſenſe enough to admire, but preferred Verſailles, which was ſo boggy that he was obliged to make a hill to build on, which has no proſpect of two miles extent, and which has all the inconveniences of a low and damp ſituation; at the ſame time that the water is obliged to be brought from ſix miles diſtance.

Having ſeen the proſpect, you have ſeen every thing at St. Germains, except a picture, by Pouſſin, and St. Louis giving alms, by Le Brun, which are in the chapel. In the ſacriſty are two moſt admirable pieces, the one of the Virgin Mary feeding the infant Jeſus; St. John lying on his hands and knees blowing with his mouth the fire of the chafing diſh, on which ſtands the pap-pan; this is by Michael Angelo; the other is by Carracci, of the Virgin holding a dead Chriſt in her arms, with her head bending over his face in a moſt moving and expreſſive attitude.

The palace is an old brick quadrangle, very narrow, flanked with four large towers, and ſurrounded

ſurrounded with a dry ditch; it was built by Francis I. and is now inhabited by different families, chiefly Engliſh, deſcended from thoſe who by more than human weakneſs abandoned their fortunes and their country with their ideot king, who had neither policy to keep, nor courage to defend that crown which by inheritance deſcended to him.

Chateauneuf is a little place built by Louis XIV. at the diſtance of two or three hundred paces, as little worth ſeeing as the palace.

The laſt of the king's palaces, that I ſhall recommend to you to ſee, is Choiſi, a neat little hunting-box, about ſix miles from Paris, ſituated on the banks of the Seine. The gardens are agreeable, not magnificent; the apartments convenient, but neither rich nor elegant: There is one dining-room in which no ſervants are admitted to attend, the table being ſo contrived as to render their preſence unneceſſary; when the firſt courſe is over, the king ſtamps his foot, the table diſappears, and another immediately

riſes through the floor covered with diſhes. There are four dumb waiters loaded with wines, on each of which is a piece of paper and pencil, to write for what is wanted; a ſignal is given, the dumb waiter deſcends, and again makes its appearance with the article required

Adieu!

DEAR

Rouen.

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE I told you in my laſt, that I threatened leaving my friends for two or three days, and intended an excurſion to Rouen in Normandy, being ſick of Paris and its pleaſures; but as I could not meet with any of my countrymen who wanted half a chaiſe and an *agreeable companion* I was determined to try the humours of a French ſtage coach; I took a place therefore in the Rouen ſtage, which inns in the Rue Pavée pres les grands Auguſtins; to the price I could have no objection, it being only half a guinea; though I was not quite ſo well ſatisfied as to the time, it being two days and a half going ninety miles.

Our company conſiſted of two reformed Benedictins, an old officer of invalids, two curés, a fat old woman, a lively widow, with an Italian phyſician and his daughter; you perhaps will

wonder how ſo large a party could be accommodated; in reſpect to myſelf, as I had taken the ſecond place, I ouſted a Benedictin, who had ſeated himſelf in a very ſnug corner, to ſhew him, that though a ſtranger, I knew the cuſtoms, and though an Engliſhman, had ſenſe enough to chooſe a good place for myſelf. Stage-coach law differs in France, for you chooſe your place in the coach by ſeniority, for which you refer to the book-keeper, who tells you which name is firſt entered.

This thing, which they call a coach, is of a circular form, with room for ten perſons, if well packed together; both before and behind are two immenſe baſkets covered with ſail-cloth, for the carriage of parcels; ſo that the tout enſemble appears like a coach between two tilted waggons. It is drawn with eight horſes, attended by a coachman and a poſtillion, both on foot; they travel at the rate of three miles an hour; the coachman as arbitrary as his monarch, and we, the poor paſſengers, were obliged to be as abject as his ſubjects. I got out at St. Germains with the Italian doctor, and as we were not afraid of the coach driving away from us, we lounged a-foot, for ſome miles, through the foreſt

foreſt of St. Germains; in the evening we arrived at Mante, which is only thirteen leagues from Paris, though we were in the coach at four in the morning: the zeal of the Benedictins made my firſt day's journey rather unpleaſant; they were proſelyte mad, and were extremely earneſt in their endeavours to ſave me from damnation. They would make me diſpute, however unwilling I appeared to enter the liſts; I told them it was not my profeſſion, neither had it been my ſtudy; that I was talking in a language of which I knew but little, and in a country where I did not wiſh to give offence: they ſaid it was only by way of converſation; and after having battled over moſt of the ſacraments, they aſked me if I believed in tranſubſtantiation; I anſwered, that I could not believe that our Saviour had eaten his own body at the Laſt Supper, and that his diſciples had made a meal on the maſter of the feaſt; their anſwer was, that I wanted faith; "Voila la "Raiſon," added one, with all the arrogance of triumph; my patience was exhauſted with ſo much bigotry and inſufferable ignorance;

"Gentlemen, my hat," which I happened to be twirling on my finger, "ſpeaks French extreme-"ly well." A ſtare of ſurpriſe was the conſe-quence of the aſſertion, which immediately gave way to a contemptuous ſmile: "Gentle-"men, you do not believe me, you want faith; "Voila la Raiſon!" It was concluſive, for they ceaſed all further impertinence, and were very civil during the remainder of the journey.

I ſlept at Mante, in a four-bedded room, with my two Benedictins and the old invalid Captain; the devotion of my fellow diſputants was extremely troubleſome, as they kept walking up and down the room for an hour, repeating pater-noſters and ave-marias as haſtily as a child repeats the alphabet, and ſeemingly with as much attention.

The Farmer-general has an elegant houſe about two leagues from Mante, on the banks of the Seine, but the ſituation is too low to be comfortable in the winter, or wholeſome at any time.

Vernon is ſix leagues from Mante, where is a magnificent

magnificent Chateau, built by Cardinal Amboiſe, Archbiſhop of Rouen; this palace is annexed to the Archbiſhoprick, and in point of ſituation (being on a hill which commands the Seine and an extenſive country), as well as in the grandeur of the building, is eſteemed among the firſt ſeats in France. We ſlept laſt night at Vaudreuil, remarkable only for a houſe belonging to Mr. Partail, Preſident of the Parliament of Paris: when compared to a great man's ſeat in England, it has no ſuperior merit, but it is otherwiſe here, where you can ſcarce ſee aught but Chateaus in ruins.

We roſe this morning at two o'clock, that we might get into Rouen (at the diſtance only of eighteen miles) before the heat came on, which had been intolerable for the laſt two days; we got here to breakfaſt, and I am ſo thoroughly ſurfeited with a ſtage, that nothing ſhall tempt me to enter one again.

I have been walking the whole day, and ſo much fatigued, that I know not whether I ſhall be able to give you a tolerable account of this,

the third city in France. It is the capital of Normandy, ſituated on the banks of the Seine, twenty-nine leagues from Paris, and twelve from Dieppe. The inhabitants are very induſtrious, and are computed at ſixty thouſand. The form of the town is almoſt a ſquare, containing thirty-ſeven pariſhes and forty convents; the ſtreets are infamouſly narrow, and the houſes irregular and vilely built.

The Cathedral is a noble remnant of Gothic magnificence; the form of the ſpire reſembles a card houſe; it is covered with lead and has a moſt ſtriking effect.

Here is George Amboiſe's bell, which is ten feet in diameter, and weighs thirty-ſix thouſand pounds. The grand altar is under two twiſted pillars gilt, ſurrounded with clouds and angels; brazen gates ornamented with well-executed ſtatues incloſe the upper part of the choir.

St. Maclon and St. Ouen are venerable Gothic churches; the firſt is noted for its beautiful gates, which time has much impaired; the other for the ſtrong and lively colours of the windows, but eſpecially for the tower, which is deemed moſt beautiful.

The greateſt curioſity in this city is the Bridge of Boats, two hundred and ſeventy yards long, paved with ſtones, which riſes and falls with the tide. It was contrived by Nicholas Bougeois, an Auguſtin friar; the boats are placed a broad-ſide of each other, with an axle at each end, that runs in a groove made in an immenſe pile, which is driven into the bed of the river; by theſe means the boats have only a perpendicular motion, and each boat having a ſeparate pavement ſolves the difficulty, which ſtaggers belief at the firſt mention.

I ſtrolled into the Marché aux Veaux, to ſee the ſtatue of Joan of Arc, who was there barbarouſly burnt to death by the Engliſh, for no other crime than endeavouring to ſave her country. I know not whether the credulity of the French, or the cruelty of the Engliſh, is moſt a matter of aſtoniſhment.

When I was ſpeaking of the bridge I forgot to mention a moſt delightful walk on the other ſide of it, a mile in extent, on the banks of the Seine, ſhaded with lofty trees, with a view of the hills, which encircle the place, and on your return you ſee the city of Rouen, with maſts of veſſels peeping up as it were in the town, for by

taking out one of the boats of the bridge, which is done with little trouble, the ſhips ſail through and moor cloſe to the backs of the houſes.

I ſhall leave this place to-morrow morning, and, as I intend riding poſt, hope to ſup with my friends at Paris in the evening, though the diſtance is almoſt ninety miles.

Adieu!

DEAR

Calais.

DEAR SIR,

THE day before I left Paris I was fully employed in hiring a coach, for which I gave ſix guineas to Mr. Paſchall, in obtaining an order from the poſt-maſter general to be furniſhed on the road with ſix horſes, in getting a paſſport from our ambaſſador to return without moleſtation, and in obtaining another paſſport ſigned by the King of France, and counter-ſigned by the Duke de ——, to permit a poor Engliſhman to return to his own country, after having ſpent all the money he had brought with him.

On Sunday the twenty-fourth we bid adieu to Paris, paſſed through St. Denis, which I have already mentioned to you, made a ſhort ſtay at Eſcouen, which, in point of ſituation, is a lovely place; it is built on a hill, which commands the whole country towards Chantilly, with the Seine

Seine running on one ſide, the Oiſe on the other. The Conſtable Montmorenci, who was diſgraced by Francis I. built a caſtle there, which now belongs to the Prince of Condé. There are three ſtories, of the Doric, Ionic, and Attic orders, well preſerved. The caſtle is ſquare, with pavilions and turrets at each angle.

From thence we went to Chantilly, another palace belonging to the Prince of Condé. This family bears the title of Prince of Condé and Duke of Bourbon alternately.

The caſtle is triangular, within a ſpacious court, without a large moat which ſurrounds it. The approach is over a draw-bridge, and it is defended by cannon.

The apartments are ſmall, and the communications from one room to another are awkward. The billiard and muſic rooms are fitted up in the richeſt manner. The floors are of marble, the ceilings painted and gilt. The gallery is ornamented with the battles of Louis XIII. and XIV. but is too narrow for its length.

There

There is in this room a marble table of inimitable workmanſhip, inlaid with different coloured marbles, and deſcribing the ſiege of Barcelona as accurately as if done by the bruſh of a painter.

The Cabinet of Curioſities is ſuperior to any private collection I have ſeen. The Cabinet of Natural Philoſophy is particularly rich in minerals and foſſils. Titian and Paul Veroneſe are the only names of note in his collection of pictures, which is unequal to a Prince whoſe domains are one hundred miles in circumference.

The gardens are full of orange trees, jet d'eaus and water-works. The park is diverſified with water, bridges, wilderneſſes, ſtatues, temples, and in ſhort, with every thing that money can purchaſe; notwithſtanding which, I am ſo partial to Stowe Gardens, that I cannot but give them the preference; at Chantilly nature is loſt in art; at Stowe art has ever nature in her view.

The Menagerie is very extenſive, but ill ſtocked; the walls are covered with green lattice work, between which all kinds of flowers are

occaſionally interwoven ſo as entirely to conceal the wall. This was a refinement in elegant expence, which I had not the leaſt idea of.

The Stables are more magnificent than a palace; they form a quadrangle built of the fineſt ſtone, one ſide is a ſtable containing two hundred and forty Engliſh horſes; in the center of it there are the ſtatues of two ſea-horſes, in marble, vomiting water into a large ciſtern. The Prince often drives through the ſtables in his carriage when he comes to view his ſtud.

The Manege is equally grand, it forms a rotund of prodigious extent, but is left open to the ſky.

There was an infinite variety of carriages for ſtate, convenience, and the chace; among the latter, I muſt mention one of a conſtruction moſt whimſically odd. It was made like a chair with a head to it, but on each ſhaft was a ſeat reſembling the back of a horſe, terminating with a horſe's head; five perſons can ſit aſtride on each ſhaft, one behind the other. In this manner I ſaw the Prince of Condé, the Dukes

Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, with others of the nobility, go to the chace.

From Chantilly we went to Clermont, where we ſlept. This is a ſmall town in the Iſle of France, ſituated on a hill, at the foot of which runs the little river de Breche. The Duke of Fitz-James has a chateau there built in the Gothic ſtyle, but much out of repair; the ſituation is low and damp; the environs are gloomy, conſiſting of ſtraight walks through thick groves, with plenty of water not advantageouſly diſpoſed.

We left Clermont at ſix in the morning, breakfaſted at Breteuil, a little dirty inſignificant town; dined at Amiens which is the capital of Picardy, about midway between Paris and Calais, ſituated on the river Somme, three branches of which run through the town.

The ſtreets are regular, the houſes tolerably built, and the people, who are computed to be thirty five thouſand, wore a face of induſtry not often ſeen in an inland town in France.

There are ſome noble walks adjoining to the city;

city; and the grand mall is deemed inferior only to the mall at Tours.

The cathedral of Notre Dame was built by the Engliſh, and remains a noble monument of Britiſh magnificence. The nave of the church is a finiſhed piece of architecture, two hundred and thirteen feet long; the choir is a hundred and fifty-three feet in length, and equally admired for its proportion. The preſent biſhop and one of the canons of the church have expended above four thouſand pounds ſterling in ornamenting the grand altar. It repreſents heaven opened, with the clouds and angels partly in painting and partly in baſſo relievo.

On one ſide of the altar is St. John, on the other the Virgin Mary in ſtone, as large as the life. On the altar are ſeven candleſticks of maſſive ſilver. Around the altar-piece are the ſtatues of ſix angels, holding cornucopias in their hands, which ſerve for candleſticks. In the choir are four cedar pillars thirty feet high, carved in the moſt curious manner. The filligree is ſo ſlight as to appear unable to ſupport its own weight, and what is ſtill more extra-

ordinary,

ordinary, they are four ſingle trees without a nail or a drop of glue.

The church is rich in curioſities and precious relicks; among the former was the head of St. John in pure gold, which was regarded as nothing in compariſon with a relick which was deemed invaluable, I mean the identical finger of the unbelieving Thomas, which pierced our Saviour's ſide; I confeſs I was weak enough to prefer the mammon of unrighteouſneſs to the finger of the apoſtle, eſpecially as the golden head was ornamented with an infinite number of jewels; the offerings of the weak and the wicked, who hoped to bribe heaven with traſh they could no longer enjoy.

Having ſatisfied our curioſity and appetites, we proceeded on our journey through Pequigny, a ſmall town built on a hill, and watered by the Somme; from the church you have an extenſive view of the country, and at about five miles diſtance you ſee a Benedictine convent, called Du Garde, built on the edge of a river, which has a very magnificent appearance.

In

In the evening we arrived at Abbeville, the capital of Ponthieu, in the province of Picardy, ſituated only fourteen miles from the Engliſh channel; the town is low, and the country round it marſhy; it is divided by the river Somme, and is called the *maiden* town, becauſe it never has been taken, which is to me a matter of wonder, as it is in the neighbourhood of Creſſy, and muſt have followed the fate of that battle, had Edward thought it an object worthy of his attention.

We breakfaſted this morning at Montreuil, which is moſt agreeably ſituated on a circular hill, ſurrounded with a wall and foſſé; the vale below is watered by the river Canche. This town was taken by the Duke of Marlborough.

We next paſſed Samers, a little dirty town, with nothing in it to be obſerved but a Benedictine convent reputed rich.

We dined at Boulogne, the capital of the Boulonnois, and ſee of a biſhop, whoſe revenue is

is near a thouſand pounds a year; it is divided into the upper and lower town.

The Upper Town is pleaſantly ſituated on an eminence, commands the whole country, and has a diſtinct view of the Engliſh coaſt.

The Lower Town is built on the ſide of a hill, and runs down to the river Liane, at the mouth of which is a dangerous harbour.

This town is exempted from the gabelle on ſalt, a moſt oppreſſive tax; from whence aroſe this indulgence I could not learn.

About midway between Boulogne and Calais, we paſſed Wiſſand, called by Cæſar, Iccius Portus, from whence he embarked for Britain.

At length we arrived at Calais, and bleſs ourſelves that the journey is over. From Chantilly the road has been in every reſpect diſagreeable, up hill and down, in many places dirty, in others ill-paved—the whole country open—ſcarce a hedge to be ſeen, no carriages on the

road, no appearance of traffic, no gentlemen's ſeats, few towns, and but now and then a ſtraggling village ſwarming with beggars; a dreary proſpect indeed, where every object betrayed the ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of poverty and diſtreſs.

Calais is only eight leagues from Dover, and thirty-two poſts from Paris, ſituated in the county of Artois and generality of Amiens. I confeſs my ſurpriſe to ſee a place which has been ſo often mentioned in hiſtory, which withſtood the army of Edward III. for near twelve months, and which made ſo conſiderable a figure in the treaty of Chateau Cambreſis, in 1559, ſo contemptible as it at preſent appears. Its ſituation at that period was deemed ſo ſtrong, and its fortifications ſo impregnable, that for the ſpace of two hundred and ten years no monarch of France had been daring enough to attack it, from the time of Edward III. till the enterpriſing valour of the Duke of Guiſe in 1558 compelled Lord Wentworth to ſurrender.

The town is ſmall, the ſtreets are narrow, and

and the fortifications trifling. There is indeed a foſſé, which can be filled either with ſalt or freſh water, and a citadel advantageouſly ſituated to annoy the enemy from every quarter; I was not allowed to enter it, but it ſeemed incapable of making any material defence.

The barracks, built by Louis XIV. can accommodate twelve hundred men; the outſide of the windows are ſurrounded with tenter-hooks, many of which were loaded with ſheeps hinges, and other offal for the uſe of the ſoldiery. I knew not which moſt to admire, their food or their larders.

The church dedicated to the Invocation of the Virgin, is built in form of a croſs, and ornamented with eleven chapels. The grand altar is decorated with two baſſo relievos in alabaſter; the one repreſents the Manna ſhowered from Heaven; the other, the Lord's Supper. Both of them are well executed.

I have juſt ſeen the Captain of the Packet, who comforts me by ſaying that the wind is in our teeth, and we cannot get out of the harbour till it changes. If we are weather-bound here to-morrow

to morrow I will dedicate it to the requeſt you made me in your laſt, by giving you ſome account of the manners and cuſtoms of the people; but ſhould the wind prove fair, we ſhall early in the morning take leave of this nation of levity and good humour, which I ſhall moſt gladly exchange for the more ſolid underſtanding and rational manners of my own country.

Adieu!

DEAR

Calais.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE hitherto troubled you with deſcriptions of towns and palaces, which every ſixpenny pamphlet on the ſubject would probably have given you a juſter idea of; as you paid me the compliment to think otherwiſe, I ſubmitted; but you requeſt at preſent a much more arduous taſk; long uſage and much obſervation are requiſite to ſpeak with tolerable preciſion on the manners and cuſtoms of a people. Though I have been twice in France, yet my reſidence here has been ſo ſhort, that I could ſcarce learn the language, you therefore muſt expect no obſervations from me, but ſuch as were ſo ſtriking that even inattention could not fail to remark.—I believe the climate of France to be the moſt healthy, the ſoil the moſt fruitful, and the face of the country the moſt pleaſing in the univerſe; and I hope, for the honour of human nature, that its inhabitants are the vaineſt and moſt illiterate. Can you believe that this all-ſuffi-

cient people, who look on the reſt of Europe with contempt, are in moſt of the mechanic arts at leaſt a century behind the *ſavage* Engliſh, as they affect to term us? In their tapeſtry, looking-glaſſes, and coach varniſh, they are confeſſedly our ſuperiors; but their carriages are more clumſy than our dung-carts; their inns inferior to an Engliſh alehouſe; their floors both above and below, of brick or a kind of plaſter, without carpets; their joiſts unceiled, the windows without pullies, drawn up to a certain height, where they catch a hook which prevents their falling; the tables conſiſt of three or four planks nailed together, and the houſes are totally deſtitute of every kind of elegance, I had almoſt ſaid convenience; I do not mean to include the houſes of the opulent great, as money will purchaſe the elegant ſuperfluities of every country. But in this ſituation you will find the inns and the houſes of the gentry and tradeſmen. Their gardens are moſt uniformly dull, but in theſe they condeſcend to follow thoſe ſtandards of taſte the Dutch. Sandy walks at parallel lines between yew hedges, parterres tortured into form, and ſur-

rounded with the lively box, and trees planted at equal diſtances, will give you a juſt idea of a French garden; I ought to have added, that they blend the utile dulci; for I remember the parterres in the gardens of the biſhop and intendant of Anjou wereprettily diverſified with garlick, onions, and other uſeful vegetables. They are ſuch ſlaves to faſhion, that they have eight different ſeaſons in the year for dreſs, which they carry to ſuch exceſs of folly, that they deſcend even to the minutiæ of a ruffle; and a man's character would be ruined, were not the lace of his ruffles adapted to the ſeaſon of the year.

Their converſation conſiſts in compliments and obſervations on the weather; no flattery is too groſs for them either to offer or receive; they will talk for ever, but never pay the leaſt attention to what you ſay. The barber and the looking-glaſs employ their whole time within doors, and walking in a ſandy mall is all their entertainment without: one of theſe things, the moment it enters the room, pays its reſpects to the glaſs, and views the pretty

fellow with wonderful ſatisfaction. His hat, if a thing of ſix inches in circumference deſerves the name, is always carried in his hand, but in this the French are humble imitators of their tutelar Saint Denis, who has refined upon politeneſs, by carrying, inſtead of a hat, his head in his hand, at leaſt he is thus pourtrayed in all the ſtatues I have ſeen of him.—*

Nothing is more common than to ſee gentlemen ornamented with ear-rings, while their ſhirts are ſacking, and their heads a dunghill.

In ſome inſtances they are as neat, as filthy in others. At table you have a clean napkin

* Voltaire, in a note in his Pucelle D'Orleans ſays—— "L'Abbé Hildouin fut le premier qui écrivit, que cet Evêque ayant été décapité porta ſa tête entre ſes bras de Paris, juſqu'à l'Abbaye qui porte ſon nom: on érigea enſuite des croix dans tous les endroits ou ce ſaint s'était arrêté en chemin.—Le Cardinal Polignac contant cette hiſtoire à une marquiſe, et ajoutant que Denis n'avait eu de peine a porter ſa tête que juſqu'à la premiere ſtation; cette dame lui repondit; *Je le crois bien, il n'y a dans de telles affaires qui le premier pas qui coûte.*

and

and clean plates, but your knife is never changed nor wiped. A common bourgeois will not drink out of the ſame cup with you, though a nobleman will ſpit over your room with the greateſt unconcern.

I have ſeen a lady through exceſs of delicacy hide her mouth while ſhe uſed a tooth-pick; and to preſerve the character entire, ſhe has the next moment ſcratched her head with the ſharp pointed knife ſhe was eating with.

Ladies of faſhion alone have the privilege of making themſelves horrible, which they moſt effectually do, by applying a large patch of rouge or vermilion under each eye, the ſhape and colour at the diſcretion of the wearer. The only pretty women I have ſeen are among the trading people, who are not allowed to disfigure themſelves, neither are they obliged to be in the ſun, which makes the peaſants an antidote to the looſeſt libertine. I ought to tell you, that all ranks of women, to convince you that they have neither feeling nor common ſenſe, never wear a hat; it may be extraordinary, but

not leſs true, for a hat they never wear; they ſeem as regardleſs of their heels as their heads, for ſlippers without quarters are the general wear; notwithſtanding which, it is amazing how well they dance and how firm they walk. I do not include the peaſants; they, poor devils, have no ſtockings, and wear large wooden ſhoes, lined ſometimes with a piece of ſheep-ſkin to prevent galling the inſtep, but that is a piece of luxury you ſeldom meet with.

In every branch of agriculture the farmers are incredibly deficient; but can it be wondered at, when you conſider there are no inducements for improvement? The nobility and clergy are exempted from the land-tax, a heavy aſſeſſment, which conſequently muſt fall on the occupier. The gabel on ſalt is likewiſe extremely burthenſome; for every family is obliged to buy annually in the proportion of two buſhels and a half to ten perſons, which, if not conſumed within the year, muſt not be ſold. Add to this, that the ſeignior or lord (for all lands are held by vaſſalage) exacts *ad arbitrium* from his tenants.

tenants. To what purpoſe then are improvements, when the king or the lord will reap all the fruit of the farmer's induſtry and labour? Hence ariſes that miſery ſo conſpicuous in every farm. I have often ſeen a half-ſtarved cow and an aſs ploughing in the ſame yoke; and I have heard it aſſerted as a fact, that a pig and an aſs are ſometimes ploughing together; but I can ſcarce believe that two ſuch opinionated animals could be induced to work together with any degree of ſociety. In ſome of the provinces the little farmers who have no barns, and can afford to build none, are obliged to thraſh out the grain in the field where it grows, to their great loſs in the beſt of weather; in a wet ſeaſon, to their utter ruin. For want of money to purchaſe waggons, they are obliged to carry both their corn and their hay on the backs of their cattle; and it is with much ingenuity they will load a horſe till you can ſee only his head and feet. Theſe are the unavoidable conſequences of poverty; ſome other inſtances ſeem the reſult of ignorance. For example, the cattle

draw entirely with their horns; a board of two inches wide is fixed on their horns, and a cord is tied to each end, which is faſtened to the cart; this is their method of drawing; a more uncouth method could not have been followed in the days of king Pepin.

They waſh their linen in a river, by dipping it into the running ſtream, then placing it on a block or ſtone, and beating it with a board like a battledore. Such proofs of ignorance would ſurpaſs belief, did not the notoriety of them exact your credit. Even in Paris I have ſeen men hold a ſaw between their legs, and rub a ſtick of wood againſt it till it was ſawed aſunder.

In the whole city of Paris there is not a flat ſtone to walk on, nor a poſt to guard you from the carriages, which are ſo numerous, and the ſtreets ſo narrow, that the foot paſſengers are never out of danger.

The lamps hang in the center of the ſtreets on cords, which are fixed to the oppoſite houſes: if

if the cord breaks, the lamp is deſtroyed, as well as the unfortunate perſon who is paſſing under at the time.

To light a lamp is the buſineſs of two men, the one lowers it, while the other lights it, which forms a temporary barrier acroſs the ſtreets, a method awkward as inconvenient.

Two men likewiſe are required to ſhoe a a poor little bidet; one ſmith holds the horſe's hoof, while the other drives the nail.

The police of France, ſo much admired by travellers, is in many inſtances wonderfully deficient: the whole kingdom ſwarms with beggars, an evidence of poverty, as well as defect in the laws. This obſervation was confirmed at every inn I came to, by crowds of wretches, whoſe appearance ſpake their miſery. I have often paſſed from the inn door to my chaiſe through a file of twenty or thirty of them; even the churches are infeſted with them, and I have ſeen many a devotee in the midſt of her devotions interrupted by their importunity.

Duelling, it is ſaid, is puniſhed with death; true:—If two perſons (I will not ſay gentlemen, for every raſcal wears a ſword, and knows the uſe of it) fight in a houſe, or meet by appointment, the ſurvivor muſt be hanged; for the king ſolemnly ſwears at his coronation not to pardon ſuch offenders. But every duel is conſtrued a rencontre; that is, the parties meet as by accident, and then the murderer eſcapes unpuniſhed, the dead being always in the wrong, the ſurvivor pleading that he killed his adverſary in his own defence. The regiment of Carabineers, when quartered at Angers, in the ſpace of four years, gave upwards of an hundred inſtances of what I have advanced; the civil magiſtrates were ſilent; their officers rather countenanced the practice. Add to this, a cuſtom truly diabolical, if a gentleman ſtrikes another, his blood alone is not ſufficient atonement, nothing but death can expiate the offence.

From an ill-timed parſimony in the laws, murder frequently eſcapes juſtice, for the relations of the deceaſed muſt be at the expence of apprehending and proſecuting the criminal. If a man

a man of rank commits murder, his greatneſs will be his ſafeguard, and he may almoſt depend on pardon.

If you are robbed on the highway, you loſe both your money and your life, but this ſeldom happens, as there is in every large town a maréchauſſée eſtabliſhed, which is a horſe patrol of ſix or eight perſons, whoſe ſole employ it is to patrol the roads and protect the traveller. The roads are excellent, and untaxed with turnpikes; but theſe the poor peaſants are obliged to make and to repair by the ſweat of their brow, without even the proſpect of advantage accruing to them from their labour.

Their religion ſeems calculated for the vulgar, and is rather to amuſe than to amend. It conſiſts of trumpery ſaints and tinſel ornaments; in prayers eſtimated by their number, more than for the devotion with which they are offered. The Virgin Mary is adored with all the ſuperſtition of idolatry, while the Saviour of mankind is almoſt unnoticed, unleſs by being gibbeted in

every public road, a profanation equally impious and abſurd. The prieſts hurry over the ſervice, which is in Latin, leſt it ſhould be underſtood by the congregation, in the moſt ſlovenly manner; they are illiterate to a degree of contempt; the clergy are in general unacquainted with the Greek characters, and moſt who profeſs a knowledge of the Latin tongue, are ſtrangers to the elegance of the language. Indeed, I think illiterature ſeems to be the national misfortune; the infinite number of notaries in Paris will juſtify my obſervation.

When I was at Angers, there were in that city four thouſand religious of both ſexes, who had dedicated their lives to idleneſs, under the different ſhapes of Nuns, Mendicants, and Benedictins, and who were prohibited what the Deity has himſelf enjoined: "Increaſe and multiply." What immenſe numbers then muſt there be in the whole kingdom, who are reſtrained population, in which conſiſt the great riches as well as power of a ſtate. If the paſſions cannot be ſubdued, what ſcenes of iniquity muſt follow! The nuns drink a liquor called volet,

volet, which freezes the blood, and quells thoſe deſires which might otherwiſe intrude on female minds; but I fear they are often obliged to call in the eccleſiaſtical power to their aid, and find a pampered friar to be more efficacious than rivers of volet.

All ranks of people celebrate Sunday in merriment and diſſipation, and it is the genteel day for routs and the playhouſe. Their feſtivals are out of number, which are commemorated by idleneſs and pageantry, making no difference between the Feaſt of God's heart, or the commemoration of parſon Berenger*, and celebrating, with equal magnificence, the Feaſt of the Virgin Mary and the whore of Orleans.

* On the 18th of June an annual feſtival is kept at Angers, to commemorate the abjuration of Berenger, Archdeacon of Angers, who had been guilty of writing againſt the real preſence.—It draws the whole province together.—The proceſſion, when I was there, conſiſted of upwards of four thouſand people, who walked at noon-day with torches in their hands, preceded by many groups of waxen images, repreſenting various parts of the Old and New Teſtament, dreſſed a-la-mode in laced coats, negligees, &c.

The

The good qualities of the French are confined in very narrow compaſs; they are lively, temperate, ſober, and good-humoured; but in general are ſtrangers to the manly virtues: though I know two or three individuals, who are not only an honour to their country, but an ornament to human nature.

Adieu!

Hotel d'Angleterre,
Calais.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE COINS OF HOLLAND.

THE Doit is a copper coin, the ſize of an Engliſh farthing, but of only half the value.

Eight Doits make a Stiver, which is of a baſe metal, larger than a ſilver penny, and rather more in value.—On one ſide is the bundle of arrows, emblematical of the union of the Seven Provinces; on the reverſe is the name of each reſpective province in which it was coined.

Two Stivers make a Dubliky, which is of baſe metal, and of the ſize of an Engliſh ſixpence.

The Seſtehalf goes for five Stivers and a half, is as thin as a ſixpence, but in ſize equal to a ſhilling.—When the bundle of arrows in form

form of a ſtar is ſtamped on a Seſtehalf, it increaſes its value to ſix ſtivers. On one ſide is a champion on horſeback; on the reverſe, the arms of the province.

The Goode Skelling is likewiſe worth ſix Stivers, and differs from the Seſtehalf only in the ſize, being much broader.

The Gilder or Florin is twenty Stivers, of tolerable ſilver, and almoſt as large as our half-crown. On one ſide is the figure of a man à l'antique, leaning upon the bible with his left hand, holding a ſpear in his right*. On the exergue are theſe words, "Hàc ni-"timur, hanc tuemur." Had the words been reverſed, the motto would have applied; at preſent they ſtand as a proof of Dutch ſtupidity.

The Ducat is a gold coin, worth five Gilders and five Stivers, about the ſize of a half guinea.

* I am inclined to think that this device was taken from John Boccold, or Beukels, a journeyman taylor of Leyden, who was an Anabaptiſt propheſ, and in the year 1534 became king of Munſter. This John of Leyden carried a bible in one hand, and a ſpear in the other, and coined money ſtamped with his own image.

It

It is ſaid to be the pureſt gold of any European coin. On one ſide a warrior armed cap-à-pié, with a ſword in one hand, the bundle of arrows in the other. On the exergue, Concordiâ res parvæ creſcunt; on the reverſe, Mo. ord. Provin. Fœder. Belg. ad leg. imp.

A Ryder is a gold coin, rather thicker than the Ducat; va ue ſeven Florins On one ſide is an equeſtrian figure of a warrior completely armed, in the act of attacking ſword in hand; on the reverſe a lion rampant, with a ſword in one paw, the bundle of arrows in the other: it is marked 7—G.l.

The Gilder, the Ducat, and the Ryder, are moſt beautiful coins.

TABLE OF DUTCH COIN.

DUTCH.	ENGLISH.
A Doit - -	Half a Farthing
A Stiver - -	One Penny
A Dubliky -	Two-pence
A Seſtehalf -	Five-pence halfpenny
A Goode Skelling	Six-pence
A Gilder or Florin	Twenty-pence
A Ducat - -	9 Shill. and ſix-pence
A Ryder - -	12 Shill. and 9 pence.

This

This calculation is not perfectly exact, for a ſhilling goes only for eleven Stivers; half-a-crown for twenty-eight, and a guinea for eleven Gilders eleven Stivers; but you will ſeldom be allowed more than eleven Gilders eight Stivers for a Guinea.

A Stiver's intrinſic value is ſomething more than an Engliſh penny, otherwiſe we ſhould loſe one ſhilling and nine-pence in the exchange, as there are in eleven Gilders eleven Stivers only two hundred and thirty-one Stivers, which, valued as pence, amount to no more than nineteen ſhillings and three-pence.

Guineas are current in all parts of Holland; and if you can carry over new guineas, it will be to your advantage, as at Helveot and at Amſterdam you will get the full change of eleven Gilders eleven Stivers.

The Dutch compute by Gilders, Stivers, and Doits, as we do by pounds, ſhillings, and pence; when extraordinary exactneſs is not requiſite, ten Gilders are computed as a pound Sterling. Sometimes they reckon by tons of gold: a ton is 100,000 gilders, or 10,000 pounds ſterling.

THE

THE FLEMISH COIN.

THE ſmalleſt piece of currency is a Liard, of the ſize and value of an Engliſh farthing.

The Demi-ſous anſwers to our halfpenny both in ſize and value.

The Ten-Liard piece is a baſe ſilver coin, of the ſize of a ſix-pence; on one ſide a croſs, on the other the imperial arms, worth two-pence halfpenny Engliſh.

A Placart is half a Schelling, or three Sous and a half, larger than a ſixpence, bearing a croſs on one ſide, the ſpread eagle on the other.

A Five-Sous piece is as large as our ſhilling; on one ſide a croſs, on the other the imperial arms.

A Schelling is of the ſame ſize, but better metal, worth ſeven Sous; on one ſide the arms of the Emperor, on the other a lion rampant holding a ſword in one paw, ſuſtaining a ſhield with the other.

There are Two-Schelling pieces, which differ from the Schelling only in ſize.

The

The Demi-Couronne is the ſize of our Engliſh half-crown, and is worth four Schellings and a Placart; on one ſide a croſs, on the other a ſpread eagle, with the imperial arms in the middle.

The Couronne is the ſize and value of an Engliſh crown.

Four Couronnes nine Sous, or thirty-ſeven Schellings two Sous, are change for an Engliſh guinea.

The Flemands compute by Florins, which are not real coin as in Holland, but imaginary like our pound ſterling. For inſtance, thirteen Florins one Sous make a guinea.

The ideal Florin anſwers to twenty Sous, by which means you get nine Sous in the change of every guinea.

For a Dutch Ducat you have in change ſeventeen Schellings one Sous, which is equal to ten ſhillings in Engliſh.

Their ſilver money is ſo baſely adulterated, that it will not paſs out of the territories of the Emperor.

There is a gold coin called an imperial, but I never met with one.

THE

THE COIN OF FRANCE.

Three Deniers make one Liard; four of which, one Sol, or halfpenny Engliſh; twenty Sols one Livre, which, like our pound ſterling, is imaginary; but by that the French always compute.

Twenty-four Livres make one Louis-d'or.

A Denier is an ancient copper coin, not ſo large as Charles the IId.'s farthing.

A Two-Liard piece is in ſize between a farthing and a halfpenny; in value equal only to a farthing.

A Sol is ſomewhat larger.

A Six-Liard piece is of thin copper, the ſize of an Engliſh ſixpence, ſlightly waſhed with ſilver, and is marked thus L L.

The Two-Sols piece differs only from the Six-Liard piece in thickneſs, and by being ſtamped with a ſingle L:—The thickneſs is the ſafer diſtinction, as the impreſſion of the letters is often worn out.

The

The Six-Sols piece is of the ſize and value of our ſilver three-pence.

The Douze-Sols piece anſwers to our ſixpence.

The Vingt-quatre Sol is like an Engliſh ſhilling, both in ſize and value.

The Half-crown is three Livres.

The Crown-piece ſix Livres, four of which make a Louis-d'or, which is about the ſize and value of a guinea.

The coin of the reigning king is the only current coin in France, which in the gold and ſilver is moſt minutely obſerved, but their copper is ſo adulterated, that the ſtamp is little regarded.

You muſt always compute either by Sols or Livres;—generally by Sols till you arrive at five Livres:—you therefore ſay a thing coſt quatre-vingt cent ſols.

A Franc and a Livre are ſynonimous for the ſame ſpecific ſum, yet are diſtinguiſhed in their application. In ſmall numbers you uſe the word Franc, as ſix Francs; but when you come to computations above a hundred, you adopt the word Livre.

The Manner and Expence of Travelling from LONDON *to* HELVEOT.

	£.	s.	d.
In a chaiſe and four, with poſt-horſe for the ſervant	6	10	0

At HARWICH.

The agent's permit . . .	0	13	6
Porters for trunks, at 6d. each, .	0	0	6
To the officers of the cuſtoms, .	0	1	0
The boat to the veſſel, ...	0	1	0
Bed in the cabin, . . .	1	1	0
Cabin-boy, ...	0	1	0
Porter at Helveot, . . .	0	1	0
The fees and paſſage for one perſon are, . . .	£. 1	19	0

The ſeventy-two mile ſtone is in the middle of the town of Harwich; yet by inn-keepers computation you are obliged to pay for ſeventy-four miles.

There is a coach goes from the Spread-Eagle in Gracechurch-ſtreet: Fare 12s.

The Rout and Diſtance from Place to Place.

From LONDON to

White Hart		Rumford	12
Red Lion	12	Ingatſtone	24
Blue Poſts	14	Witham	38
Three Cups	14	Colcheſter	52
White Hart	10	Manningtree	62
White Hart	12	Harwich	74

From Harwich to Helveot 36 leagues.

The

The Manner and Expence of Travelling for three Gentlemen and one Servant from HELVEOT *to* UTRECHT.

	Gil.	*ſtiv.*	*doit.*
For ringing the bell at Helveot,	0	5	4
For a ſtage-waggon to the Brill,	3	17	0
To the waggoner, . . .	0	5	4
For the ferry to Boar's iſland,	0	12	0
Poſt-waggon over the iſland, .	0	16	0
Ferry to Maeſlandſluice, . -	0	5	0
Roof of the treckſchuyte to Delft,	1	4	0
Ditto to Rotterdam, . .	1	12	0
Ditto to Delft, . . .	1	12	0
Ditto to the Hague, . . .	0	18	0
Ditto to Leyden, . . .	1	10	0
Ditto to Harlem, . . .	3	0	0
Ditto to Amſterdam, . .	2	1	0
To Utrecht without the roof, .	3	4	0
Gil.	21	1	8

We travelled one hundred and thirteen miles for about 1*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* Engliſh.

A Stiver for the boy, who rides the horſe for the boat, is a handſome gratuity.

The Rout and Diſtance from HELVEOT *to* UTRECHT.

			Miles.
Sun -		to The Brill	7
Blackmoor's Head	5	Maeſlandſluice	12
Stadt's Doele -	8	Delft -	20
Swine's Hoof -	10	Rotterdam	30
Le Parlement d' Angleterre	15	The Hague	45
Golden Ball	12	Leyden	57
Golden Fleece	16	Harlem	73
The Star in the Neſs	10	Amſterdam	83
Chateau d'Anvers	30	Utrecht	113

The Manner and Expence of Travelling from UTRECHT *to* LISLE.

	Gil. ſtiv. deit.		
A coach and four from Utrecht to Breda, ...	54	0	0
Ditto to Bergen-op-zoom, .	21	0	0
Ditto to Antwerp, . .	22	0	0
A coach and pair to Bruſſels, .	16	0	0
Ditto to Ghent, . . .	15	0	0
The barge to Bruges, . .	4	0	0
Coach and pair to Courtray, .	14	0	0
Ditto to Liſle, . . .	8	0	0
The permit at Menin to enter France	1	8	0
	155	8	0

Or about 14*l.* 4*s.* Engliſh.

	Liv.		
Four places in the Diligence from Liſle to Paris, at 55 liv. each,	220	0	0
To the coachmen 3 liv. each,	12	0	0
Baggage, at 3 ſous per pound,	35	0	0
	267	0	0

Or 11*l.* 9*s.* Engliſh.

N. B. Proviſions and lodging are included in the fare.

The Rout and Diſtance from UTRECHT *to* LISLE.

	To Golcomb		18
Le Prince Cardinal,	24	Breda . .	42
	15	Roſindale,	57
La Cour d'Holland,	6	Bergen-op-zoom	63
Le Grand Labou-reur,	21	Antwerp, .	84
La Gruë,	12	Mechlin, .	96
L'hotel Imperial,	12	Bruſſels,	108
	15	Aloſt, .	123
St. Sebaſtian,	15	Ghent,	138
Le Fleur Blè	24	Bruges, .	162
Le Chatelet,	24	Courtray,	186
L'Aigle étendu,	6	Menin, .	192
L'hotel Royal,	9	Liſle, .	201

From LISLE,

To	Douay,	21
15	Cambray,	36
24	Peronne,	60
66	Senlis	126
30	Paris,	156

The

The Manner and Expence of Travelling from PARIS *to* CALAIS.

	Livres.
To Mr. Paſchal-Sellier près la monnoye, for the hire of a coach to Calais,	144
For ſix horſes, at 7 livres 10 ſous per poſt, for thirty-two poſts and a poſt-royal,	247
To two poſtillions two livres per poſt,	64
Or about 20l. ſterling.	455

The

Fifteen ſous per poſt is ſufficient to give a poſtillion; none but the Engliſh give ſo much.

Remember, when you hire a chaiſe, to agree with the maſter, that he ſhall be at the expence of all repairs that may be neceſſary on the road; otherwiſe you will be accommodated with a crazy vehicle, that it may be repaired at your expence.—The proper method is to get an order from the owner on the perſon you are to deliver the carriage to, that he ſhould reimburſe you the expence of the repairs.

A poſt-royal is a ſhameful impoſition to plunder travellers; for at going in and out of Paris, Verſailles, Lyons, or any other place where the King keeps his court, the firſt poſt, though in fact but two leagues, demands a double price; and from the King's reſiding there, is called royal.

The Rout and Diſtance from PARIS.

	To St. Denis,		6
A la Poſte,	21	Chantilly,	27
A Cygne Blanc	15	Clermont,	42
Les Bons Enfans,	48	Amiens,	90
	9	Pequigney,	99
L'Etoile de Jour,	21	Abbeville,	120
La Cour de France,	30	Montreuil,	150
Lion d'Or,	24	Boulogne,	174
Hotel d'Angleterre,	21	Calais,	195

Expence

The French compute diſtance by leagues or by poſts, but never by miles.

A poſt is two leagues, which I believe is not more than five Engliſh miles.

The common price of a chaiſe de poſte from Calais to Paris is three Louis-d'ors.

It coſts about 5d. Engliſh per mile to ride poſt; the ſame for a perſon in a two-wheeled chaiſe with two horſes; but the hire of the carriage is not included in that expence.

By the ordonnance of 1757. every perſon à franc etrier ſhall pay twenty-five ſous per poſt for his own bidet, the ſame for his guide's.

For a carriage with two wheels and two horſes, one perſon only being in it, two livres ten ſous muſt be paid per poſt.

If there are three horſes, or two perſons in the chaiſe, or a ſervant behind it, three livres fifteen ſous muſt be paid à poſt.

A four-

Expence of Travelling from CALAIS *to* LONDON.

	£	s.	d.
For half the pacquet, . . .	2	12	6
To the ſailors . . .	0	10	6
Boat to land us,* . . .	1	1	0
Porters, ...	0	5	0
Chaiſe and four, and poſt-horſe for the ſervant, . . .	7	4	0
From Calais to London, ,	11	13	0

Rout

A four-wheeled chaiſe with four horſes ſhall pay five livres.

The poſt-maſters may refuſe to carry the baggage exceeding one hundred weight behind, and forty pounds before the carriage.

* This expence was occaſioned by the time of the tide and roughneſs of the weather, which prevented the veſſel coming into the harbour; boats therefore came off to us, and took advantage of our ſickneſs and impatience, by extorting two guineas for putting eight of us on ſhore at the diſtance of half a mile.

Rout and Diſtance from CALAIS *to* LONDON.

Ship . .	To Dover,		24
Red Lion . .	16 Canterbury,		40
George . .	16 Sittingborne,		56
King's Head, .	11 Rocheſter,		67
Marquis of Granby,	15 Dartford,		82
	15 London,		97

From

	Manner of travelling.	*Expence.* £. s.	*Miles.*
From London to Harwich,	Poſt-chaiſe and four,	6 10—	74
—Harwich to Helveot,	In the packet,	8 0—	118
—Helveot to Utrecht, which includes the tour of Holland,	In treckſchuytes,	2 0—	113
—Utrecht to Antwerp, which includes Dutch Brabant,	In a coach and four,	8 16—	84
—Antwerp to Liſle, which includes the Auſtrian Netherlands	In a coach and pair,	5 7—	115
—Liſle to Paris,	In the Diligence,	11 9—	156
—Paris to Calais,	In a coach and ſix,	20 0—	192
—Calais to Dover,	In the Packet,	4 9—	24
—Dover to London,	In a chaiſe and four,	7 4—	75

Number of miles in the whole tour is nine hundred and fifty-one.

The conveyance of three gentlemen and one ſervant amounts to 73l. 15s.—Abſent from England nine weeks, three of which were ſpent in Paris.

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MVSEVM
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